TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1928 — NUMBER 40

ARTHUR PATRICK REDFIELD, PH.D., LL.D.
A Typical Product of the Age of Knowledge. (*See Nelson Antrim Crawford's "A Man of Learning," an ironic study of our intellectual leadership*)

Kit Carson in the Flesh

KIT CARSON: THE HAPPY WARRIOR OF THE OLD WEST. By STANLEY VESTAL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

ONE may sometimes wonder whether, if we of this day might gain admittance to that Valhalla where historic personages are gathered, we should find them to be anything like our mental pictures of them. The doubt arises. If, as is frequently the case, we are taken all aback by our first close inspection of distinguished contemporaries, what chance is there that, translated to the company of the illustrious reincarnate, we may at once exclaim: "There's Washington! There goes Napoleon! There are Custer, and Sitting Bull, talking with Frémont! How natural they look!"

Few of us, however, would fail to recognize Kit Carson, restored to his prime: that slow-speaking, short-legged, long-bodied, full-chested, flat-faced, fair-complexioned little man, with thin "baby" hair (according to Mrs. Frémont) brushed back (according to his biographer Dr. Peters) "à la Franklin."

Kit might be a disappointment, at first sight, as he was to a number of hero-seekers in his day; but when he got into action—wagh!

And after reading Stanley Vestal's "Kit Carson" we should moreover recognize many of his associates whom time heretofore has submerged—and particularly if they had reverted to type: as, for instance, the formidable Sol Silver (so-called by reason of the Kiowa silver rings in his ears, taken, along with the scalp, from his former red owner), with his Osage badge of honor tattooed into the hairy skin of his chest and his immense bush of black Mexican whiskers; Bill Mitchell, ex-Comanche, so to speak, habituated to a red gee-string and open-order Injun leggin's; and the bearded Missourian Ike Chamberlain, Carson's lieutenant, of the flapping wool hat and of stature so bulky that he required an especially built saddle. That these gentry of a plains-and-mountain rank and file long obscured by the deeds of their captains were real performers the writer of this article will honestly testify.

It was high time that the career of Kit Carson,

(*Continued on page 824*)

Diadems and Fagots

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

WE hear little now of De Quincey's once famous distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, and for an excellent reason. The literature of knowledge has eaten up the literature of power, and is serenely unaware of the prophecy that it was soon to be superseded. "Knowledge *is* power" is the modern text, and we have put our own definition upon knowledge, as the representative series of books listed below * may indicate. Even "literature" nowadays has changed its meaning and signifies anything that is read. Hence I suggest a variant of De Quincey's terminology and shall write of short-sighted and far-sighted literature, meaning what he meant, but thinking particularly of our own time. For above the wranglings over estheticisms, romanticisms, and classicisms, monistic, pluralistic, anarchistic, democratic, and aristocratic in literature which engage critics in what often seems a whirl of words, one fact emerges with painful certainty:—our literature has become like our life, opportunistic, analytical, short-sighted, and that is a cause of causes for symptoms over which the intellectual have worn out many typewriters without perceptible clarification.

American criticism particularly has become a conflict of personalities, Mr. Mencken against Mr. Babbitt, French ideas versus English, New York against the country. Like their blood brothers, the historians and the psychologists, American critics have tried to isolate literature from life, and make complex laws for phenomena that spring from causes too simple to interest subtle minds overtrained in dialectic and analysis.

The collective books of an age represent no more and probably no less than the collective mind of that period, hence if there is any principle, bias, philosophy, prejudice common to all or most of them, that should be the first object of search for the critic, and until it is found the intellect goes glimmering like an unskilled doctor prescribing (perhaps successfully) for pimples and aches in the joints when the real malady is unknown.

I do not set up for a universal doctor, like those enviable schoolmen of the Middle Ages, who so willingly explained all in the heavens above and the earth beneath, and yet I venture to point to one general characteristic of the books we are reading that seems more basic than the peccadilloes of realism or the question of style. The strong, the well-read, the "typical" books of America (and of Europe, too) are prevailingly books of knowledge, clear-sighted like knowledge, short-sighted like most knowledge which is not also wisdom. Poets of prophetic and moral strain are modest now and thankful for a thousand readers, preachers are voluble with the overemphasis of the little-heeded; it is the book which tells us what we are like, and why, and what to do about it in order to become more successful, which leads in modern literature.

The ruling passion of this civilization (and please to remember that if I write in large generalities I am thinking concretely in terms of books) is success. The ideal of our ancestors was happiness. By success, I mean an adaptation of the human animal to his immediate environment which will give him an advantage in acquiring what happens to be most desired at the moment, and in being what happens to be most approved. Success is a realizable ideal, for it means having what others have, being what others are, and its key is knowledge. By happiness, I mean a personal sense that the deepest aspirations of the individual have been satisfied. It certainly does not involve success, though it may; it is seldom a realizable ideal for its key is a control over life quite impossible of mass production. Knowledge helps it a little, but the imagination much more.

The great discovery of this century was that the barriers to success could be thrown down if you only knew enough. With more knowledge of agriculture the food supply could be readily increased. With a knowledge of credit wealth could be made to breed for many if not all. With a sounder comprehension of psychology man could be taught to use his brain properly instead of improperly. With a deeper knowledge of physics and chemistry our earthy environment could be changed from static to dynamic, space could be narrowed, time crowded with events, and labor given a leverage upon production.

Books throughout this century show a growing obsession with the knowledge that could accomplish all these things. Plato, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare look across the ages, but the typical twentieth cen-

* "The How to Succeed in Life Series. In 1000 volumes, including books on psychology, banking, correct English, easy childbirth, practical religion, astrology, the credit system, applied personality, what the well-dressed woman wears, thought culture, prosperity, successful speculation, and character reading; also the best poetry, fiction, drama of the day. The appendix contains the world's best detective stories and the world's best sermons." All publishers.

This Week

"The Oxford History of the United States."
Reviewed by *David S. Muzzey.*

"The Living Buddha."
Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*

"Henry Hudson."
Reviewed by *William MacDonald.*

"Suicide."
Reviewed by *Raymond Pearl.*

"Post-War Germany."
A review by *Arthur Ruhl.*

Books on Crime. Reviewed by *Edmund Lester Pearson.*

From a British Musketeer.
By *Hamish Miles.*

Next Week, or Later

Dorothy Richardson's "Oberland."
Reviewed by *Earl A. Aldrich.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tury book is concerned with here and now. It is saturated with the spirit of science—let us know the truth—but innocent of the further assumption that the truth will make us free. Not freedom, not happiness, not the wisdom which tells how to live, is the concern of our modern books, whether they crudely deal with the factors of success, or subtly contribute to our knowledge of the causes of failure. Why should these aspirations burden modern minds since we all believe that to master our physical environment guarantees success, and that success is an end in itself!

Was there ever a civilization so little concerned with how to live? We preach of it, naturally, but in phrases often meaningless because they are drawn from books that express sets of ideas now archaic in practice. The university to-day is powerful beyond all comparison in teaching measurement—which is science—and weak beyond comparison in stirring more than faint queries as to what shall be done with success when we have it. Only a few rebels ask in terms that are really searching where our strenuous industrial developments lead, or what Standard Oil or United States Steel can do for ultimate happiness. To question the relative value, say of preventative medicine, where no thought extends beyond the preservation of efficient workers able to run machines, seems absurd because it is completely outside our habit of mind. We are intoxicated by our success in controlling nature and energizing the brain. And what drunkard cared for the morrow! Our major effort is toward immediate success in the use of tools, particularly that great tool, the body. The minority that still thinks in terms of happiness, that would speculate in beauty, or rest in spiritual content, taking those satisfactions not to be gained by mastery of the object which by age-long proof are indispensable to human nature, has the psychology of a minority. Poets are lyric not epic, analytical not synthetic, moralists perfunctory, except in diagnosis, philosophers either merely descriptive or grumbling voices heard only by the discontent. Mr. Durant makes philosophy popular by turning it into biography and explanation. No fire spreads from his book as from Emerson or Goethe. It is a text-book of useful knowledge which teaches how to understand what philosophers have thought. The reader is more knowing for having read it—but quite untouched by the need of a philosophy of his own. Only unsuccessful people need philosophies and we propose to be successful!

* * *

The Sunday newspaper, as others have doubtless remarked before, is a complete simulacrum of the age—astoundingly efficient and effective, an encyclopedia of everything that happened last week, our complete substitute for meditation upon the way of life. From a Sunday newspaper our civilization could be reconstructed—a little sketchy as to facts, but entirely indicative of the kind of knowledge we regard as sufficient. Indeed the Sunday newspaper is our one complete intellectual achievement, containing by description or implication everything else. A million words on keeping up with living—and next to nothing pertinent or powerful on what the devil we are going to do with all this acceleration of the means of life.

I am not a medievalist (which is one of the diseases with which this era of knowledge is infecting our finer spirits), I am not even a rebel against this age, although I should welcome a few fanatics who could stir up thinking. Culture, as is evident, has always developed by the trial and error method, which means an overemphasis upon successful experiments. Scientists so long as they remained philosophers never learned to measure with that inhuman concentration upon mere things which has given them their present success. Democracy would never have got so far along the road if good minds had not set themselves the task of distributing the knowledge that enabled the peasant to use his mind as a tool. If we are all to live together in Babylonian movie palaces, which seems to be the collective ideal of the nineteen twenties, the magical secrets of how to succeed in business, how to express the personality in clothes, how to seem educated, and even civilized, with the minimum of energy diverted from money making, must be made accessible. A society based upon credit and supported by a neck and neck race between production and consumption must be informed as to the terms of its subsistence. For society must certainly stay alive, whether it knows how to live or not.

Therefore this overemphasis upon knowledge about things is clear-sighted even if it is short-sighted. We are overemphasizing success no more than the Middle Ages over-emphasized hope, and the Renaissance joy. We may long for Platoes and Goethes, but certainly do not crave Elizabethan sanitation, spinning wheels, or buggies. We may not be enamored of subways, tariff millionaires, tabloids, or neurotic women, but they are by-products of the same overemphasis that has made the world an economic unit, conquered some disease, and abolished much poverty.

And yet poverty of mind is not being abolished, nor aimlessness abated, nor philosophic vision increased. It is natural, I suppose, and yet deplorable, that our literature, which is not bound to hunger, vanity, and fear, not even to success, should be dazzled, cribbed, and cabined by the triumph of knowledge over the imagination.

* * *

Consider with a brooding mind the list of hypothetical books with which this essay began, adding such examples as you choose from your own shelves, not neglecting belles lettres.

Note that in our day most of the best poetry is analytical and ironic. Frustrate man, the end product of success, is the theme of T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, A. E. Housman, Edgar Lee Masters, Humbert Wolfe, Edwin Arlington Robinson. We read it to learn more of the imaginative mind under stress of inhibited desires. Or if not frustrate man, then the singer searches a mode of life in sharp retreat from the industrialized world—Frost in New England, Housman in the neo-paganism of Shropshire. Either poetry bows to the modern need for more knowledge of the creature man, or it is a literature of the minority, not in strong rebellion against short-sighted success, like Whitman, Browning, Emerson, but plaintive, esoteric, and expecting no world acceptance. Read Emerson's essay on The Poet and see how our banners are lowered and our drums muffled since our leaders lost interest in how to live. The beautiful life is now a solace for the defeated, a vision too ethereal for the gross uses of earth. It is when the poet reveals new aspects of the mind (as William Ellery Leonard, or Hardy, or Masters) and thus contributes to scientific knowledge that he is most in tune with prevailing interests.

More striking is the example of fiction, the true mirror of this age. Mystery stories, romances of adventure, historical romances are only more lengths in a continuing tradition, and prove nothing except a desire to dream awake which exists presumably even in Paradise. Romance can be used for great ends, but has not so been used in this age. Strong writers have gone in for facts. They have told to the democracy the truth about ordinary unheroic man. They have followed the psychologist in tracking pathology to where it lies curled in the heart of the normal. They have exposed the barrenness of farm life, the vapidity of the half-educated, the tyrannies of sex, the anarchies of a know-nothing philosophy, the slow effects (as in Galsworthy) of a loosening grip upon the conduct of life. It is easy to fit titles to these descriptions.

* * *

The novelists have trotted behind the steam calliope of experimental science. They have set up their laboratories in the spirit, their controlled experiments, their analysis of things as they are, or seem. This is the effect upon the artistic temperament of a drive for efficiency—it pretends, like a sensitive child, to be scientific too. This is the root of realism and the cause of naturalism. Tell us, we ask of the novelists and dramatists, what we are like, in terms that our imagination can understand, so that we may get knowledge from our reading, and learn to control the circumstances which so inexplicably interfere with our success. Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson, Joyce and May Sinclair, are read, like the tracts of the early 19th Century, for their information. "Why Men Fail" is the title of a psychological disquisition and "Elmer Gantry" the name of a novel, but the two books belong to the same philosophical category.

The novels that are discussed and taken seriously as exponents of the group mind are therefore likely to be text-books dressed in narrative form. They can be listed under heads—as "pioneer life," "intellectual life in New York," "expatriates," "the young girl and obstetrics," "sex appeal and what happens," "strong bodies and weak wills," "disintegrated personalities," "the unconscious versus the conscious." To call all this realism is just a means of classification for esthetic analysis, and is very likely to confuse these modern social studies with books where the facts were a means not an end. The true description goes much deeper. These are books of knowledge not of imagination, literature where the vision is short though terribly clear, books that tell what living is as a contribution to the escape from failure or as a guarantee of success. They are "true stories" read by collectors of facts.

But what the belles lettrists do half-heartedly and with constant aberrations toward imaginative creation of life ideally considered, the writers of the "How to Succeed" library do without mental reservation. Their quite unliterary books boldly confess what modern literature is about. The "key books" of this age are practical psychologies, the manuals of health for everybody, the guides to successful behavior which crudely expose our beliefs and our desires. A philosophic critic of a later century will say that this generation was persuaded that by taking thought it could add a cubit to its stature, and often did so, but as to what good the cubit did there was seemingly no concern. He will say, this was an age of measurement—expand the dollar, shorten glands, adjust environment, lengthen life, weigh illusions, study mankind with all the instruments of precision which Pope lacked; in this age they believed that with enough knowledge success was certain, or if not success, insight into the causes of failure. Art therefore was sterile except where it contributed to fact.

Readers of this attempted survey may think that it is too sweeping. They will cite H. G. Wells, saying that there is a typical modern author, all of whose books are written on the one theme of how to live. I answer that no better example than H. G. Wells could be found for my thesis, since here is a writer trained in science, as all literate authors of the immediate future are likely to be, who, thanks to his early baptism in the religion of science, has already lost his awe of new facts and realized that knowledge alone is not going to be enough. But observe that his ideas on how to live are all conditioned by the popular assumption of the age that once man is efficient he will be happy. In every one of Wells's serious books some simple rule of sociology, hygiene, or politics creates the possibility of a Utopia which, incidentally, always has a cockney look and smell to it. Having learned measurement, Wells thinks that by applying measurement we may be saved. He is plucky, and relatively far-sighted, but a little naive.

* * *

More cogent is the objection that authors by hundreds are protesting against the ideal of success, even when they are most pertinent examples of its insidious influences. This is true. The poets, novelists, and dramatists, with the less fashionable clergy, have always filled the front benches of the opposition, yet never, it seems to me, have they been less effective than now. If we forget the Elmer Gantrys of religion, the clergy may be said to be against mere knowledge to a man, but they play from weakness not from strength, they speak with the hollow voice of the radio preacher who knows that tens of thousands will cut him off at the third platitude. The writers are in like case. They are strong when they contribute to knowledge, weak when they transcend it.

These statements are made by way of definition since my purpose is not to condemn books which, measured by standards of pure art, may very justly be said to reflect and interpret the spirit of an age. And yet it is easy to pass on to criticism if one considers the kind of life they serve and represent. Has American life, for instance, grown less aimless anywhere, anyhow, except in the increase of material efficiency? Are there half as many of a growing population concerned with what they will do with success when they get it, as in, let us say, the generation of Emerson? Is one-tenth, or one-hundredth as much intellect devoted to the use of wealth, the conduct of life, the cravings of a civilized mind for order, discipline, beauty, content, as to the control of machinery, the increase of production, the comfort of body? The answers, of course, are obvious, and so long as they are obvious the fact that literature follows instead of leads may be natural, but is not a subject for congratulation—no matter how subtle the analysis, how "true" the representations of the strains and stresses of industrialism. As long as we

(*Continued on page* 824)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through English Eyes

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—1783-1917. By S. E. MORISON. London: Oxford University Press. 1927.

Reviewed by DAVID S. MUZZEY
Columbia University

READERS with a taste for American history are having a rich and varied feast set before them in these days, in biographies like T. C. Smith's "Garfield," Robert McElroy's "Cleveland," J. C. Bruce's "Randolph," Wandell and Minnegerode's "Burr," Bishop's "Roosevelt," R. S. Baker's "Wilson," and Allan Nevins's "Frémont"; in volumes of "Life and Letters" (Walter H. Page, Col. E. M. House, Earl Grey, etc.); in works of reminiscence and commentary like Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," D. F. Houston's "Eight Years in Wilson's Cabinet," and E. L. Stoddard's "As I Knew Them"; in interpretations of the development of our political and social life, like Beard's "Rise of American Civilization" and J. T. Adams's New England trilogy; and in surveys of American industry, commerce, and culture in co-operative works like "The Pageant of America," and Schlesinger and Fox's new "History of American Life." A marked and encouraging feature of the current historiography is its popular trend. The laborious work of research of a generation imbued with the scientific spirit is now being mediated to the public in volumes which combine in a happy union the literary excellence of our mid-nineteenth century historians like Sparks, Bancroft, and Motley, and the most exacting standards of historical accuracy and impartiality. The historian is recovering his audience. Two volume works on our national evolution are listed among the best sellers.

* * *

Tested by the canons of accurate scholarship, breadth of vision, skill of interpretation, and charm of style, Professor Morison's two volumes richly deserve a place in this list. His "Oxford History of the United States," as the first word of the title suggests, was written primarily for English readers, and the "scope and direction" of his narrative, as he states in the preface, was "largely determined" by the questions asked him by his English friends and pupils during his recent three years' occupancy of the Harmsworth chair of American history in the University of Oxford. For the American reader this confession explains the author's choice of historical canvas, his emphasis upon the diplomatic, commercial, political and cultural relations between Great Britain and the United States, and even the numerous minor references to British parallels or contrasts to American conditions and institutions from climate to constitutional procedure. For example, after a brief description of the characteristic features of New England, the middle States, and the South at the beginning of Washington's administration, Professor Morison enters into a detailed discussion of the diplomatic relations between the United States and European countries (chiefly Great Britain) during the period from the close of the Revolution to the end of the 18th century, which carries him about half way through his first volume (to p. 214). Again, after a brief treatment of our domestic affairs (the impeachment of Justice Chase, the Burr conspiracy, etc.) in Jefferson's administration, the author devotes more than fifty pages (I, 255-312) to the causes, progress, and results of the second war with Great Britain. The Monroe Doctrine is discussed chiefly as a chapter of diplomatic fencing between Canning and John Quincy Adams (I, 346-364). The Civil War, which Professor Morison believes is a subject of great interest to English readers, occupies about one-third of the second volume (II, 168-323), and the relations of Great Britain and the United States during that conflict receive ample treatment.

Needless to say, such allotments of space hardly correspond with those which an historian writing primarily for an American public would choose. Beard, for example, disposes of the military and naval events of the Civil War in about three pages. Furthermore, Professor Morison's scheme leads necessarily to considerable foreshortening and regrettably brief summaries of important epochs. The great controversies of the Jacksonian era, which Claude Bowers and Professor Bassett have described so illuminatingly, are hastily sketched in two brief chapters (I, 379-412); Cleveland's second administration is covered in fourteen pages (II, 394-408); Taft has only ten pages (II, 448-458); and Wilson fifteen (II, 459-474). For all this, Professor Morison's volumes are exceedingly valuable for the American reader. His own self-imposed limitations in space have been a challenge to his skill in concise presentation; and some of the best passages of his books are the single paragraphs in which he draws in swift and sure strokes the essentials of the picture. Such vignettes as the contrast between the Hamiltonian and the Jeffersonian ideals (I, 123), the frontiersman's designs on Canada (I, 276), the composition of the Whig party (II, 30), the setting of a Lincoln-Douglas debate (II, 135), the whirlwind Valley Campaign of Stonewall Jackson (II, 222), and the cowboy of the "long drive" (II, 355) are pieces of genuine historical art.

In spite of the fact that Professor Morison wrote his volumes in England for an English public, there is no hint of pro-British tendency in them. Sheffield, Canning, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Lyons, and Salisbury figure as prominently as Jefferson, Adams, Jackson, Calhoun, Lincoln, and Roosevelt; but the author holds the scales of justice with an even hand. While acknowledging the generosity of England in many a crisis of Anglo-American relations, such as the peace negotiations of 1782-3, the settlement of

PAUL MORAND

the "Alabama" claims, and the arbitration of the Venezuela boundary dispute, Professor Morison does not hesitate to score Lord Dorchester for his incitement of the Indians on our northwestern frontier, or Lord Grenville for driving so hard a bargain with John Jay that the treaty of 1795 became "largely responsible for the American popular tradition that British diplomats are more to be feared than British battleships" (I, 175), or Lords Palmerston and Russell for their connivance at unneutral conduct during our Civil War. The author writes as an American, proud of his country's history. "In that cool, sophisticated atmosphere" (of Oxford), he says in his preface, "our country seemed more youthful and elemental than she ever did at home. The unity of her history was more easy to comprehend, the significance of it more ready to grasp." And something of this ease of comprehension and readiness of grasp Professor Morison has, through his unusual skill in narrative, communicated to his fellow-Americans.

The reader will discover many new facts which Professor Morison has brought from his close study of the documents here and in the London Public Record Office. The average American will probably be surprised to learn that John Quincy Adams, who is quite generally credited with opposing the Monroe Doctrine to the schemes of the Holy Alliance, wrote to our Minister at St. Petersburg three years before the Monroe Doctrine was published:

> As a general declaration of principles . . . the United States not only give their hearty assent to the articles of the Holy Alliance, but will be the most earnest and conscientious in observing them. (I, 351.)

There are points of interpretation on which the reviewer would take issue with Professor Morison if there were space for a more extended comment on these volumes—such as the justification of Douglas's position in the Freeport debate with Lincoln (II, 136) and the opinion that Lincoln "made the greatest mistake" of his life in removing McClellan after he had failed to prevent Lee from recrossing the Potomac after Antietam (II, 248). But it is best not to mar the impression of grateful welcome to Professor Morison's volumes by controversy over points of judgment or emphasis on what seems to have been a rather careless proof-reading of dates.

"The Young Rajah"

THE LIVING BUDDHA. By PAUL MORAND. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE French government appears to have some consideration, if not an actual liking, for the often ignored creature who writes. Several of the most brilliant of the younger Frenchmen are, in fact, allowed to hold diplomatic or ministerial positions providing small incomes and an excellent opportunity to travel at the expense of the state, or at the least, a convenient place to work in peace. This scheme for a higher education, almost unknown to Anglo-Saxons, recently sent Paul Morand to Bangkok as Chargé d'Affaires. Traveling by way of America and Japan, returning through India and Egypt, M. Morand produced first the inevitable book of travel, "Nothing But the Earth," and now a novel, "The Living Buddha."

His plot is not, in the beginning, particularly new or particularly promising. He has taken an imaginary Oriental prince, Jali of Karastra, and sent him to Europe to be educated against the wishes of his father, the reigning monarch. So far his book might be "The Young Rajah" or any of the classics of yore in which the dark stranger, matriculating at Harvard or Cambridge as the case might be, falls in love with the local belle, and after stroking the crew in its victory and disposing of his rival (the son of a millionaire) takes his bride back to his kingdom, where in a sequel they subdue another Indian mutiny or two. But M. Morand's hero, though in appearance and action somewhat like this forerunner, undergoes a much more severe initiation into the ways of the Occident, first in Paris and London, where he is taken up by a group of serious lady mystics, and finally in America. For he too, abandoning his austerity as he has previously abandoned the privileges of his rank, falls in love with Rosemary Kent, daughter of Julius O. Kent, Grand Dragon of the Ku-Klux of Indiana, and a steel magnate of note. Rosemary is *belle comme aujourd'hui;* Jali follows her to America. The great scene takes place, appropriately enough, at Sherry's, where this curious pair is lunching. A lady at the next table complains of Jali's presence in the restaurant; colored men should not be admitted to such places. Overcome with mortification, Jali leaves New York and seeks refuge in the Chinatown of San Francisco, where at length the news of his father's death reaches him, and draws him back to Karastra and a throne. "East is East," and so on, the total result being a certain not unhappy disillusionment.

One may be amused at Morand's exceedingly Gallic version of New York in this year of grace, and also at the unlikely spectacle of Jali camping out in the Bois de Boulogne, a fakir tailored by Poole and receiving alms from the better part of the Parisian demi-monde. But his style and his mind are too alert, too bright and facile, to permit these things to stand forth as bare, absurd facts in the narrative. They are so glazed over and adorned that they become acceptable, even the scene at Sherry's, as authentic bits of the modern cosmopolitan kaleidscope. Perhaps this shows the real power of the writer; in any case we accept the people and the bizarre jumbled atmosphere, mingling descriptions of the latest thing in Grand Prix Bugattis with explanations of the Buddhist doctorine of penitence. For the space of the book, at least, they serve, and the French government is to be congratulated on its discernment in exposing its clever employee to Oriental influences. The result is strange, unexplainable by the usual canons of excellence, and thoroughly engrossing to read.

London, remarks the *London Observer,* is reading either "Hedda Gabler," just at present, or "Stalky's Reminiscences." But Somerset Maugham's "Ashenden" and E. M. Forster's "The Eternal Moment" are two other books that press these hard. And, the *Observer* continues, " 'The Feet of the Young Men' and 'Young Woodley' go like hot cross buns." The revival of Ibsen is an interesting phenomenon of the time in England.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Baffling Personality

LAWRENCE AND THE ARABIAN ADVENTURE. By ROBERT GRAVES. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER
Columbia University

THERE seems to be no particular reason for believing that any one will ever make either a satisfying single portrait of "T. E. Lawrence" or a simple, direct story of what he did in Arabia. The pictures and busts of him which already exist show odd differences of emphasis. The published accounts of his activities differ considerably, sometimes even violently, and range from the yellower journalism, through the exasperation and bad temper of military and political experts, to many of the extremes of credulous hero-worship. Perhaps most baffling of all, the man's own acquaintances and friends, defeated as all of his portrayers seem doomed to be defeated, quarrel among themselves as to what sort of person he is, and many of them treasure some experience or conversation with him as the revealing clue, and battle for their own exegesis as enthusiastically as any band of Higher Critics. All of which makes it obvious that even in the depths of reaction from the commercialization of his career by one man or from the disgruntled damnation of it by another, it is almost impossible to ignore Aircraftman Shaw, as he now calls himself. I have never known anyone who was unaffected by meeting him, no matter how silent he may have been, and some of these, on very short acquaintance, have become exuberant and not very critical appraisers of the "lion," in a manner quite like the testimonies from Shaw's comrades in the military ranks which Graves reproduces in his last chapter.

This time the job of interpretation has been entrusted to a poet who has known "T. E." pretty intimately since 1918 and whom Shaw once rescued from the bankruptcy court after a disastrous attempt at combining poetry and grocery. On the whole, the choice of a poet as an interpreter of personality is a logical one, and it happens to appeal to me because Graves advances a number of my own pet theories about his subject and uses familiar material to substantiate them. Moreover, he has made a conscientious and very successful effort to gather up from many sources all the information available, and in a sense he has written his book with Shaw's assistance and approval. So far as facts go, he has provided a most interesting and useful supplement and commentary to "Revolt in the Desert" and even to "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which no one interested in those books can afford to neglect. That, however, need not commit the reader to agreement with all Graves's personal interpretations and conclusions. He suggests and records so much that he inevitably introduces some contradiction, and Shaw himself must have grinned sardonically at some of the more extravagant pictures of himself as a reincarnated Crusader. Graves's chief service it that he punctures a good deal of the Lowell Thomas myth and etches clearly and with ample setting the main outlines of his hero's personality and career—his stern philosophic nihilism which gave him much of his insight into the Arabs, the dualism of purpose which clogged his performance and condemned him to a repeated feeling of "prostitution," and his amazing artistry as a leader and dominator of men.

* * *

What Graves hesitates to do, and what would seem to be quite legitimate, is to draw forcible attention to the contradictions in Shaw's statements and actions. He records them and remarks some, but it might have been better to use them as evidence that, after all, we are dealing with a multiple personality and that many of the consequent clashes cannot be explained. There is no need to be mystical about it. A man cannot be one of the most extraordinary men alive and not reveal some incomprehensibilities. Shaw is a medley of unusual personality in the sense of self-control and command under whatever circumstances, of a will that no one seems ever to have broken, of a pervasive nihilism partly born out of his experiences, and of a Puckishness which has a pagan cruelty in it at times as well as most delicious humor. Graves illumines all these qualities with a wealth of entertaining incident.

This American edition is not quite up to the standard set in England by Jonathan Cape. The maps, for instance, are not so pleasingly reproduced. But the American title is better than the English one—"Lawrence and the Arabs." The truth is that none of the writings by "Lawrence" or about him, except "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which is not available to the public, concerns itself with the Arabs, or even sufficiently with the other Europeans who collaborated in the Arab movement. Graves's book is a case in point. It tells everything credible and some things incredible about Shaw, from his poorly rewarded anonymous literary work to his passion for high speeds on motor cycles, but it steadily refuses to be realistic about Arabia or the Arabs. The picture of the country is almost as shallow as if it were only a mirrored reflection from "Revolt in the Desert." In fact it has some of the qualities of stage scenery, and the Arabian actors in the piece only occasionally stand out more clearly than theatrical "supers." Now this may be just. In conversation Shaw is much less inclined to wholesale praise of the Arabs than his writings would suggest, and he can and does illustrate their shortcomings from personal experience. What many people want to know and what Graves does not tell is "who did the winning of the war in Arabia—'Lawrence,' the Arabs or other Europeans, or what combination of them?"

Then there is a further difference of opinion which needs clearing-up. One group of critics asserts that "Lawrence" made a fundamental error in not using Ibn Saud, the leader of the Wahabis, from the beginning, instead of Hussein and his sons. Their best argument is that Saud has since shown himself to be the strongest leader in Arabia and has expelled Hussein's family from the Hejaz. The reply to this argument is that Hussein had started the Arab Revolt against the Turks around Medina and Mecca, and with the northern tribes was immediately available for larger operations, while Ibn Saud and his Puritans were still in the remote fastnesses of Southeastern Arabia. The final unanswered question is "How good a strategist and tactician was 'Lawrence'?" Allenby's judgment is interesting, but its qualifying clauses are important. "A very bad general, but a good Commander-in-Chief, yes. There is no show that I would believe him incapable of running if he wanted to, but he would have to be given a free hand." All these questions should concern experts and historians rather than journalists or poets. Graves is not critical enough to write history, but he has provided for the historians much information and suggestion to supplement the other "documents" of an amazing career.

Briefly, then, this is a great tale or collection of them, and every reader of "Revolt in the Desert" will be grateful for the filling of many gaps which the author of that book could not or would not fill. It is often first class entertainment, for nothing about Aircraftman Shaw can be dull. But it is certainly not the last word on the subject and every reader will demand the privilege of occasional and vigorous disagreement with the author.

The Poetic Mind

POETRY AND MYTH. By FREDERICK CLARKE PRESCOTT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD
Princeton University

ALTHOUGH the author of this book modestly states that his "main object is to consider the proper reading and interpretation of poetry," he has in reality written a new "defence of poetry" and—let me say at the outset—one worthy to stand beside its illustrious predecessors. The volume is no mere treatise on verse-making, no mere restatement of time-honored praises, but an honest and independent attempt to define what happens when a work of art is brought to birth. The author's field of inquiry happens to be literature, which he chooses to call poetry, but the results of his study have a wider application. He is concerned with the nature and function of creative imagination; and he has thought to such good advantage that his work cannot be neglected by serious students of esthetics. Fortunately he has put his case with admirable clarity. He has written an interesting as well as a valuable book, which can be read with pleasure and profit by the lover of literature to whom the language of philosophy and psychology is a mystery.

It would be easy to say—and it would be true—that Professor Prescott's volume is a credit to American scholarship. Less ambiguous praise, however, should be given it, especially since the author takes pains to set himself apart from "critics and professors," although he is actually the occupant of a chair in English literature at Cornell. At the risk of being offensive, I cannot help regarding him as a scholar with a rare gift for lucid exposition and as a critic with unusual independence of mind. He has approached the central problem of creative art in a somewhat novel way, and has made contributions of solid value to its solution. I may question the adequacy of some of his chapters and the relevancy of others; I am inclined to find fault with his reasoning here and there; but I should be sorry if by any cavilling I failed to do justice to the quality of "Poetry and Myth." It is an excellent book.

Mr. Prescott's thesis, boldly stated, is that "poetry has grown from myth," and that the processes of the poet's imagination are more nearly akin to those of the myth-maker than to those of the civilized man who attempts to apprehend truth through his reason. They are "still in many respects primitive." Although there may be—and to an increasing degree must be—an element of rationality in poetry, both the substance and the form of true poetry are dictated by the imagination. Imagination, moreover, being older than reason and being "the organ of our whole being," may arrive at truths which "rational thought is as yet unable and perhaps will always be unable to approach."

* * *

On only two points may one venture to disagree with this analysis of the nature and function of poetry. In the first place, to say that "poetry has grown from myth" is at best the statement of a dangerous half-truth. That there is kinship between the processes of mind of myth-makers and poets is profoundly true: both myths and poems are products of the imagination. But imagination antedates myth-making, as modern anthropologists have shown very convincingly. Indeed, Mr. Prescott's chapter on the formation of myths is perhaps the weakest in the volume. A careful reading of Marett and —even better—Lévy-Bruhl would have enabled him to lay a sounder foundation for his thought. Lévy-Bruhl's "law of participation" may not be quite so complete an explanation of primitive mentality as its author believes, but it is exceedingly illuminating.

Mr. Prescott seems to me to be wrong, in the second place, when he argues that imagination may arrive at truth by a mystic process in which reason plays no part. A lyric, to be sure, may so perfectly express an emotion that it becomes an eternal verity, and thus a revelation to a million hearers; but the magic of such utterance, which is dependent on a fusion of thought with image, would be beyond the power of a poet who had not developed to the point of having generalized conceptions. Really primitive poetry, though often interesting, has never been great poetry. Again, a myth or any other story, though invented by a man or by a group with no habit of philosophizing, may embody so perfectly certain qualities of human nature, or phases of human relationship, or aspirations of the human heart, that we praise it for its wisdom as well as for its beauty. Folk ballads sometimes have this high quality. But back of such noble inventions there must be observed reality; perceptions so acute and so just that later experience finds them perennially satisfying. Reason has its part to play in this antecedent process. It is the tutor of perception, the corrector of fantasy, the guide to reality. Great poetry cannot come into being, we must agree with Mr. Prescott, unless the imagination is free. Intuitive perception of beauty and truth is a fact. The poet is seldom capable of philosophy. He mirrors truth; he shows it incarnate in his creations. Yet the imagination that has been fed by philosophical thought—by science, broadly speaking—reaches far beyond the imagination that has not been so tutored. The greatness of "Hamlet," its interpretative value, lies not in what Shakespeare got from Saxo or Belleforest or an earlier play, but in what he made of it. "Prometheus Bound" owes more to Æschylus than to the unknown inventor of the myth.

It is perhaps doubtful whether Mr. Prescott was well-advised in including his final chapters on "The Christian Story" as a noble myth, and on "Poetry and Religion," in a volume concerned mainly with an interpretation of the poetic mind. They are thoughtful essays, but they add nothing to the argument, and indeed diminish its effectiveness. Yet their honesty and earnestness are beyond question, which is true as well of all the other chapters of an admirable book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More of This Rascality

THE GANGS OF NEW YORK: AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE UNDERWORLD. By HERBERT ASBURY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $4.

CELEBRATED TRIALS. First Compiled and edited by GEORGE BORROW. Now newly revised and edited by EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT. Two volumes. New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1928. $15.

TRIAL OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON. Edited by LEWIS MELVILLE. (Notable British Trials Series) New York: The John Day Company. 1928. $3.50.

SOME FAMOUS MEDICAL TRIALS. By LEONARD A. PARRY, M. D. With an introduction by WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.50.

WARPED IN THE MAKING; CRIMES OF LOVE AND HATE. By H. ASHTON-WOLFE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDMUND PEARSON

ABOUT ninety per cent of the books on crime, appearing in this country, are importations from England. This is not because our publishers still think the subject is a disgraceful one, but because American authors do not care to engage in research on a dubious topic, when the rewards are much greater for writing a detective story. As long as the magazine editors believe that a detective novel about crime is perfectly respectable, while the actual story of the real crime is a wee bit "sordid," and while there are three readers for even a fourth-rate detective novel for every one who will read such an excellent book as Mr. Asbury's, the reasons for the situation are not mysterious.

One curious result, however, is that the English writers on real criminal cases are beginning to land on our shores, and lay their hands on our own murders. The Famous Trials Series, now appearing in London (a not very creditable imitation of the Notable British Trials Series) began with two American cases: The Webster and the Thaw, and promises Chester Gillette.

* * *

Herbert Asbury's "The Gangs of New York" is one of the best American books of its kind. Mr. Asbury writes in a direct and engaging manner; he refuses to deal in that travesty on learning which passes, in some books, by the name of psychological analysis, and enables a few writers, of no great erudition, to impose upon readers whose learning is even less. He writes that he does not aim "to interpret and analyze the gangster in the modern 'I-think-he-thought' manner." Instead, he tells the story of the New York underworld for the past century, and his narrative is excellently presented in a book adorned with amusing pictures from the old weeklies and newspapers.

One or two old New Yorkers tell me that not all of Mr. Asbury's facts are correct. Possibly that is so, but there is ample evidence (his bibliography, for one thing) to show that he is one of the rare writers on this subject who has made a conscientious effort to search the records. Crime is a subject in which records are often untrustworthy or confusing, and when the writer consults oral tradition, he is in a morass. I know this, because I have investigated two notorious New York murders, and found that "the straight dope," from some one who was "on the inside in that case," invariably contradicts every other straight dopester who can be found.

Mr. Asbury's chapters on the Whyos, the Dead Rabbits, and other famous gangs; about that engaging old lady, Marm Mandelbaum; about the Draft riots; and the wicked days of old New York, make up a book which it is a pleasure to recommend.

* * *

George Borrow's "Celebrated Trials" originally came out in six volumes, containing over four hundred cases; Mr. Bierstadt has boiled these down to two handsome volumes, and thirty-three cases,—perhaps all that modern readers will desire. He has done this extremely well, including many state trials, trials of monarchs and statesmen, trials for treason, witchcraft, and a few for murder. In some instances, as Mr. Bierstadt admits, there are better and more modern accounts of the same cases,—the trial of Abraham Thornton, is one of these. The history of that in the Notable Trials is in every way superior. Mr. Bierstadt's preface to this new edition is one of the best things in it, and the troubles of Borrow with his publisher are most appreciatively told.

The Notable British Trials, as they are appearing in America, are following the new volumes in England, rather than going back to bring out the old ones. Thus, we are not getting some of the best of the series. The present volume is about the Duchess of Kingston. Once before, in the *Saturday Review*, in referring to this series, I named the trial of Roger Casement, and my reference to him as a traitor caused an Irish patriot to call me several very unpleasant names. I shall, therefore, take no risks of arousing any possible partisans of the Duchess, and, although her trial was as long ago as 1776, I shall refer to her as the (*alleged*) bigamist. The House of Lords declared that she was guilty, but they didn't do anything about it. Apparently, there was no charge of prudery brought against her. She is shown in one illustration, as she appeared at a ball, clad simply in part of a head of lettuce, scattered here and there. This picture could not have been shown at the trial, or the susceptible Peers might have been more merciful and gallant.

* * *

Dr. Parry's "Some Famous Medical Trials" is commended by Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, whose knowledge of detective fiction as far o'ertops mine as the Woolworth tower hangs over the kerbstones of Broadway. I am not bound, however, to agree with his opinions, and am the more apt to be heretical, since, in one of his books, Mr. Wright praises "The Perfume of the Lady in Black," which I hold to be the worst novel ever written on this planet, bar none. With apologies to the introducer, then, I do not find Dr. Parry a light or graceful writer; his style seems, to me, rather leaden.

It is, however, an attempt to give a veracious history of some famous cases. That can not be said about Mr. Ashton-Wolfe's "Warped in the Making." This perfumed book about European crime may deal with actual cases for all I know. One of them, "Captain von Cöpenick," I know to be real, although I experience a choking sensation when the author, in the employ of the Parisian police, writes that he was detailed to instruct the Berlin detectives in their business. But Mr. Ashton-Wolfe is one of those writers who prefer to present fact so that it sounds like fake. The chapters are written in the style adapted for the readers of a Hearst Sunday newspaper.

Duration of Life

THE RATE OF LIVING. By RAYMOND PEARL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

EVER since Old Testament days mankind has discussed the value of a long life compared with a short one. Yet, only within a generation or two have we known much as to how long people actually live. Even to this day in large sections of the United States we do not know how many people are born or when they die; we are still floundering on the mere edges of the sea of knowledge as to the deeper laws of life. Dr. Raymond Pearl, Professor of Biometry and Vital Statistics in the School of Hygiene and Public Health in Johns Hopkins University, is one of the few men whose curiosity is so strong and whose powers of navigation are so good that he has made a real voyage on that sea. He made his voyage in a little craft loaded with drosophila, the tiny fruit fly that flutters over rotten apples, decayed bananas, and other spoiled fruits. For this small, but famous creature he has prepared vital statistics and tables of the expectation of life much like those for human beings. This is quite as it should be, for many of the fruit fly's relations to life are almost identical with those of man.

The most curious of these relations was discovered by confining various numbers of flies in one-ounce bottles, all alike and all containing the same superabundance of highly nutritious food. The problem was to discover how many died each day in bottles containing 2, 4, 10, 100, 500, or any other density of population. One would expect that with two in a bottle the chances of life would be at a maximum. Not at all. The best condition or optimum, occurs at a density of 30 to 50 per bottle. It is easy enough to see why deaths increase with 100 or 500 flies in an ounce bottle, but why should they increase when there are only 20 or 10, and be as high when there are only two flies as when there are 90 or 100? Do human beings behave in the same way when houses are substituted for bottles? Dr. Pearl thinks they do, but does not discuss the matter in "The Rate of Living."

Another of Dr. Pearl's curious discoveries is that if the mature fly's emergence from the pupal stage be regarded as corresponding to puberty among human beings, and if a day for a fly be regarded as the equivalent of a year for a man, the normal proportion of survivors at any given age is essentially the same in man and the fruit fly. In other words, the death rate, which at first is very low, increases with advancing age in almost identically the same way among men and among flies. But when the flies in the bottles are crowded, this rule breaks down, for the young flies die nearly as fast as the old ones. The same thing happens also among a certain mutant variety of fly whose inherited traits have been changed so that the wings are reduced to mere vestiges.

Space forbids any discussion of the interesting experiments which prove that the effects of overcrowding or the reverse persist long after the original cause has ceased to operate; or of other experiments which demonstrate that the faster the growth of melon seedlings, the shorter their life—a short life and a merry one. Such experiments open a wonderful vista because they suggest that human beings may be subject to all sorts of similar laws as to which we are almost ignorant.

The high value of the facts and ideas set forth in "The Rate of Living" makes one wish that Dr. Pearl did not follow a practice which is unfortunately very common among American scientists—namely, the use of such complex phraseology that even the scientist spends an undue amount of energy in deciphering the meaning. Opening the book at random on page 97 I read: "There is no great practical difficulty in telling whether a particular aggregation of matter, spatially and temporarily discrete, is in fact living or not-living or historically belongs in one or the other of these categories." Is that any more scientific, clear, or brief than to say: "There is no great practical difficulty in telling whether a particular bit of matter forms part of a living being or has done so in the past?"

Another method wherein Dr. Pearl follows an unfortunate, but common custom, is in minimizing the importance of things in which he is not especially interested. His delinquencies in this respect are especially noticeable because he far surpasses the majority of scientists in the intellectual honesty which disproves his own generalizations. For instance, on page 68, we read that: "In all of the experimental work there has been found no other environmental factor which produces such marked alterations in life duration" as does the density of population. Yet the author describes one set of experiments in which starvation reduced the life of his flies to hours instead of days, and many others in which a new type of food increased the longevity of his flies ten per cent in comparison with ordinary laboratory flies fed on bananas. He also says that light of sufficient intensity kills the flies at any stage of existence. Thus by using different kinds of food or degrees of light, it is obviously possible to secure almost any duration of life, and the same is doubtless true of temperature and many other factors. But such inconsistencies are scarcely more than evidences of a well warranted enthusiasm over discoveries which are undoubtedly of most far-reaching importance.

Rose Macaulay, always a lively writer, has been rather "showing up" K. A. Weith-Knudsen's "Feminism: A Sociological Study of the Woman Question" which Constable has published in England. Miss Macaulay's review of the book appears in *John O' London's Weekly*. She finds the fundamental defect of the book to be "that the author is not writing of human beings, with mixed faults and virtues, but of gods on the one hand and monsters on the other." To Mr. Weith-Knudsen, evidently, women are the monsters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dramatic Annals

HENRY HUDSON. By LLEWELYN POWYS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. POWYS has made the most of the rather scanty material that is known to exist about Henry Hudson, and has told a story which, while it contains a good deal of Powys and still more of what historians speak of as "setting," offers an appealing picture of the famous navigator. On the whole, no valid objection is to be lodged against his method. Imagination has its place in history as well as in science, especially when fragmentary data are the only body of solid fact upon which we may rely. One must then reconstruct the circumstances much as the scientist contrives the skeleton of some extinct mammal from the evidence of a few surviving bones. The trouble with all such historical reconstruction, of course, is that we can never be quite sure about it. All that may be affirmed is that what has been restored seems probable, and that no harm will come from accepting it, or at least holding it in solution, until it has been proved to be otherwise. Mr. Powys has evidently worked hard with his documents, and there is no difficulty in telling where the record ends and his imaginings begin. Until some more documents turn up, there seems to be no good reason why the portrait which he draws should not be taken as presumptively genuine.

A career like that of Henry Hudson is peculiarly attractive to the dispenser of poetic, as well as historical justice, because so much of it is illusive and incidental. We know almost nothing of Hudson's life until 1607, when he appears as an "experienced English pilot," with an assembled crew of ten men and a boy, to receive communion at the church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, in London, before setting out on a voyage to the European Arctic in search of a passage to Cathay. When the passage around Nova Zembla repulsed him, he tried his luck on the east coast of Greenland, then later on the coast of North America. Incidentally he found the Hudson River, and explored its course far enough to learn that the route to the Indies did not lie in that direction. Still later, having made his way through Hudson Strait and undergone a winter of privation in James Bay, a mutinous crew turned him adrift with a few companions in an open boat, and in this tragic plight he went to his death, his surviving enemies escaping punishment ultimately because, incidentally, most of their number had died.

It all seems rather casual, but it befitted the nature of the man as the documents exhibit him. Hudson was a brave and venturesome seaman and a competent navigator, but only at intervals, in his sailings about the northern seas, does he appear to have had a clear idea of where he was or whither he was going, and his shifty and easy-going ways made perennial trouble for him with the rough material that made up his crews. If he ever realized that he had found a new continent after he sighted the American shores, his comprehension of the discovery continued to be distorted by the lure of a northwest passage, and it seems not to have occurred to him that, even if the passage existed, the Arctic ice robbed it of any practical value. His visions were always the visions of the impossible, his practical schemes concerned with what could not be done. He was not, of course, a sinner beyond all others, and his thoughts were obviously the prevailing thoughts of his time, but it is still a wonder how, in spite of the crude geographical knowledge of the day, the distant East could so long have constituted a fatal obsession to practical men, and how the plain facts of the situation could so long have been ignored.

Equipped thus with illusion and daring, Hudson sailed here and there, up and down and about, in a series of adventurings for which Mr. Powys, caught by the glamor and tragedy of the thing, supplies the imaginative setting wherever the documents fail. Wandering over the hills along the Hudson, Mr. Powys sees the Half Moon entering the river, and muses upon the fate that has turned the "virginal beauty" of Manhattan into "a mass of accumulated matter, inordinate and positive," and left Indian Head "to be removed and ground to pieces by a gravel-contractor." He watches the cautious ascent of the stream, notes the dickerings with the Indians and the bloody fights that followed all too quickly, and speculates about the thoughts and habits of the barbarians whose homes were being invaded. The imposing heights and dreary wastes of Labrador, Hudson Strait, and the great Bay are to him a solemn imagery, set awesomely in cold and storm, with which so surround the fascinating, but gruesome story of the last few months and their ghastly end. It is a brilliant piece of description, the more commendable because, notwithstanding its color, it sticks close to facts where facts there are.

The chief historical contribution of the book, aside from its skilful weaving of the story, is its account of the trial and acquittal of the mutineers, in 1618. The original record in the case, found in the Public Record Office, is reproduced in part in facsimile, with a translation of so much of the manuscript as has escaped decay. Perhaps it is not true that a row of stakes "that had obviously been sharpened by a European axe, and of about the thickness of a man's arm," found by a Captain James "above the white sandy shore of Danby Island" in the winter of 1631-32, "almost certainly owed their position and shape to the handiwork of the lusty ship's carpenter from Suffolk, and go to prove that the forsaken men did manage at least to regain land, and that therefore the bones of the navigator found a final resting-place upon some honored parcel of Canadian ground," but we do not know that it is not so, and Mr. Powys, in this as in other matters, is entitled to his guess.

Self-Destruction

SUICIDE. By RUTH SHONLE CAVAN. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND PEARL
Johns Hopkins University

THE instinct for self-preservation or survival is the root urge of all living things. On it are based, in a biological as well as a philosophical sense, the two most fundamental primary derivative instincts, food getting and reproduction. The behavior of the lowliest *Amœba* has as its outstanding elements just two sorts of reactions—avoiding reactions which, on the whole, get it out of trouble, and trouble is always potentially fatal to any living thing; and seeking reactions which, barring an occasional mistake, get it food. An *Amœba* behave *as if* it were trying to keep alive as long as possible. So does a gnu, or a pine tree, or a politician.

This is what makes suicide such a remarkable phenomenon, biologically considered. When a poor wight who has run off with the money or the woman belonging properly to someone else, and, finding that he cannot run fast enough to escape the sad consequences of these not wholly unbiological acts, decides to take one big jump to a place from which he cannot possibly be fetched back to face a jury, he is doing a truly marvellous thing biologically. For he is going contrary to something which has been bred into every cell and fiber of his being, during that excessively long period since the right kinds of colloid particles first aggregated themselves into a living thing. There are two conclusions which can be, and have been drawn about such behavior. One is that he is a brave man who acts so. The other is that he is a person whose physico-chemical constitution is, in some kind and degree, different from that of all other living things, at least at the precise moment when he kicks the chair out from under his feet. The truth is that under some circumstances he is the one, and under other conditions, and much more commonly, he is the other.

Because it is such an extraordinary thing biologically, is presumably one important reason why so much has been written about suicide. In some respects the best book which has ever been written on the subject is Morselli's of thirty years ago. Dr. Cavan now endeavors to produce an up-to-date treatise which shall be as comprehensive and generally useful as Morselli's was in its time. Into this altogether praiseworthy effort she has obviously put a great amount of painstaking labor, and she has achieved a considerable degree of success.

She treats of suicide as the resultant either of social disorganization or personal disorganization, or both. The first part of the book approaches the problem from the standpoint of the group, "of the customs and institutions which constitute the social organization and through which the individual members of the group organize their interests and wishes." Where there have been, or are, stable social organizations, as in Greece before its decline, Rome before the fall of the republic, Europe during the Middle Ages, "preliterate villages," the Orient, religious communities, and rural communities, there has been but little suicide in comparison with places in which there has been, or is, "confusion of customs and moral codes." A detailed study by Dr. Cavan of seventy-three "communities" into which she divides the area and population of Chicago, brings out the fact of great variation in the suicide rates within the confines of one particular city, which the rest of the world, with some justification, regards as highly "confused" about its moral codes at the moment.

For forty-one of the seventy-three Chicago communities the rate was below the rate for the small towns and rural sections of Illinois, and for fifty-two communities it was below the rate for the secondary cities. In only certain sections of large cities, then, if Chicago is typical, is the suicide rate higher than in smaller places where disorganization is assumed to exist in lesser quantity and degree than in the city. Many communities in the city must be regarded as being as well organized and orderly in customs, morals, and conduct, and with people as well advised as in the smaller places.

The second part of the book, which deals with the individual and personal sides of the problem, is largely filled with case histories derived from coroner's records, newspaper accounts, etc. One chapter in this part of the book is entitled "Suicide among Normal People." This somehow seems a contradiction in terms, and the discussion of it is a bit vague. But presumably the talk here is of people who would have been thought normal if they hadn't killed themselves. Altogether this section of the book is less well organized than the first part. It rambles. And this defect is not quite offset by the unrestrained and facile use of the latest and most high-toned technicalities of social and individual psychology. One cannot but feel that the author just missed a great opportunity here. It is certain that no one has yet got all that can be got out of a thorough study of individual case records of suicide. Dr. Cavan's lack of complete success in this promising field seems to be due more to a failure of literary skill in presenting her results in logical, unified progression to an unescapable conclusion than to lack of insight and power in analysis of the evidence. In short the book smells like the doctoral thesis of an unusually able and brilliant student, who will do better later on.

Even so, it is a useful contribution, well worth reading. Every teacher of sociology will find it extremely valuable for reference, and as a catalyser of discussion.

Post-War Germany

GERMANY TEN YEARS AFTER. By GEORGE H. DANTON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $3.50.

THE POST-WAR MIND OF GERMANY, and other European Studies. By C. H. HERFORD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

PROFESSOR DANTON'S notes on his year's stay in Germany as exchange professor from Tsing Hua University, Peking, are very readable, understandable, and useful. He was specially fitted to be an intelligent, and at once sympathetic and objective reporter. An American who had known Germany in his student days, in the early 1900's, he returned to it after serving as a teacher both in his own country and in China. He had two widely different backgrounds, therefore—the United States and the Orient (the culture of which had definitely modified his attitude toward

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 40.

Copyright, 1928, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the West)—against which to set and measure what he found in Germany after long absence.

But it is only in the simplest and most concrete fashion that these backgrounds and his whole subjective experience are brought into his book. There is no attempt at fourth dimensions and metaphysics. Indeed, so far as manner and viewpoint is concerned, these voluminous notes might have been made by any keen-eyed and unusually thorough tourist, so simple are they and so concrete.

Professor Danton tells about everything he and his wife saw, heard, read, and even smelled and shivered over—about the post-war mood and the domestic tragedies that came with inflation, and about heavy food and closed windows at night. He tells of radios, theatres, separatist tendencies, housing problems, libraries, misunderstanding of the United States, manners of salespeople in the shops, domestic architecture, motion pictures, attitude toward prohibition, the intellectual freedom of German professors, and innumerable other things.

The War, he finds, has left scars very different from those in most of the Allied countries. There are no devastated areas, no ruins to be carefully preserved, and little romanticizing of the War after the manner of the cult of the Unknown Soldier or our own Gold Star Mothers. Although there are probably more cripples in Germany than in France, the Germans have not found it necessary to have seats in the tramways reserved for them and so labelled. The war is rather something that has worn itself into the souls of a whole generation, not only through the suffering that all the peoples concerned shared alike, in different degrees, but through the universal hunger and ruin that accompanied the close of the War and the years immediately following it; the earthquake collapse of the whole structure, political and ideological, for which the Germans had fought; and the unique spiritual suffering and isolation and bewilderment caused by the ostracism visited on them by their opponents.

Coming from the Orient, Professor Danton was struck with the peculiar signs of suffering shown in the faces of the aged, so different from the placidity of the aged Chinese—"one is shocked at the look of pain, uncertainty, and inner grief. One rarely saw in Germany a benign old face."

But of this side of German life, the book says comparatively little. The most of it, as already suggested, concerns itself with practical, intimate, and, generally entertaining aspects of the everyday life of the new Germany. Professor Danton was struck by the intense intellectual vitality of the Germans, especially of their universities, and by the direct rôle the latter played in the intellectual life of the nation as contrasted with the somewhat extraneous position of our own. He found people of his own sort, at any rate, interested in things for their own sakes—the whole Oriental problem, for instance—which are almost neglected in this country.

"The mere attitude of interest maintained only so long as it is commercially valuable, which characterizes the smug humanitarianism of the Rotarian point of view, and which has crept into the universities of America through the schools of business administration, is entirely lacking in Germany," he says, and "for all their slight tinge of pedantry," he finds among the Germans "more rounded characters, or rather, more rounded intellects, than among any other group I have happened to meet." He intimates that this intellectual vitality may, and should, supply the motive power for the readjustments which the future must see in eastern Europe and the "limitless expanse of troubled Asia."

Dr. Herford's essay on the post-war German mind is only one of six studies which embrace subjects as far apart as Dante, Milton, and the culture of Bolshevist Russia. Like the other essays in his book, it is in a vein quite different from Professor Danton's almost gossipy observation—a "study" in the academic sense of the word, in which the writer is concerned with ideas and trends, as such, and never suggests that he has actually stood on the spot of their origin.

He finds in Germany a repudiation of national egoism, national racialism, militarism, and of the whole set of ideas with which the Germans were identified during the war. Not that "nationalists" don't exist, nor that the Germans don't dream of resuming their material and political importance in Europe, but that there is a definite reaction against war, and the whole materialistic and mechanistic expression of a people's vitality, to a degree little realized by most outsiders. He singles out the tragic figure of Rathenau as peculiarly embodying the German ability to "bring philosophy from the clouds to the service of the state and the factory and the home, and yet leave unimpaired the winged power which sees all things with larger, other eyes than ours." In "that union of opposite gifts," he thinks, "deeply grounded in the mentality of her people, lies the hope of Germany in the future."

Poets and Monkeyshines

POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING. By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

LOVE SONNETS OF A CAVE MAN. By DON MARQUIS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEFORE we bring in the floral offerings we shall hand around the castor-oil. To get right down to it, we found in the first of these volumes of verse that now pass in review, namely in Mr. Hoffenstein's stout and varied book, too much of this kind of thing:

> The ant, he lays aside some dough
> Against the time of cold and snow;
> He doesn't trust a bit to luck,
> But gathers his assorted truck:—
> If I could live just like the ant
> I'd be as thrifty—but I can't.

SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN
From a Caricature by Gene Markey.

That does not seem to us precisely to qualify as what, in recent parlance, we have heard referred to as a "nifty." The section from which it is taken, "Songs about Life and Brighter Things Yet," interested us least of any section in Mr. Hoffenstein's book, though all its brief numbers, of which there are fifty-three in that section alone, are by no means so flat as the one quoted. Mr. Hoffenstein does not always command the soul of wit, but such a brevity as

> From coast to coast the railroads roam,
> Yet every inch of rail stays home

is a fair-to-middling observation, and number XLV, a lyrical outburst beginning, "I have only a bicycle," is cleverly wrought. Our general criticism of Mr. Hoffenstein's presentation is that he has not "hoed and trenched and weeded" enough—particularly weeded. For at his best he can be gorgeously biting, despite his leaning toward brittle wise-crackery,—and toward the end of the book, in the "Interlude, for a Solitary Flute," he flashes into real poetry that rouses our admiration. His song concerning Sorrow and Joy, in which he says

> For a man may lie
> With her, and she
> Elude and flee him
> Utterly:—
> Body to body,
> A hell apart,
> With her laugh in his brain
> And her loss in his heart.

has the ring of true metal. And number IX, with its bitter refrain

> Blesséd be God, Who hung so white a star
> Above an abattoir!

memorable. We have seen the section, "A Garden of Verses for the Little Ones," praised fervently. Well, you can have it. We feel that it is cheap. We will take Mr. Hoffenstein's fine "Psalm," his "Verses Demonstrating that No Man can be Unhappy," the superb "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," and the aforementioned "Interlude, for a Solitary Flute." You can have his parodies too, we don't care much; we have read better, or as good. Sitting back for a final survey, the verses that give their title, "In Praise of Practically Nothing," to the book are, to our mind, actually Mr. Hoffenstein's best, for they are entirely individual, and they express the lugubriousness of man's estate in a manner that thoroughly satisfies. They are savage and funny at the same time, and wring every particle of expressiveness out of a familiar New York idiom. For instance:

> You leap out of bed; you start to get ready;
> You dress and you dress till you feel unsteady;
> Hours go by, and still you're busy
> Putting on clothes, till your brain is dizzy.
> Do you flinch? Do you quit? Do you go out naked?—
> The least little button, you don't forsake it.
> What thanks do you get? Well, for all this mess, yet
> When night comes around, you've got to undress yet.

Finally, to dismiss Mr. Hoffenstein as a mere light versifier would be peculiarly obtuse. The iron has actually entered his soul. His delightful verbose titles and the savor of his volume as a whole illustrate this. Possessing a poet's sensitivity, he chooses to grin through a horse-collar, with grief—and a curse—in his heart. One old way of poets. More obvious proof of his sensitivity? Read that song beginning "In the fine land of Nowhere"; read that delicate, haunting lyric and—think it over.

* * *

Don Marquis is another example of a more burly poet "putting on an act," in his "Love Sonnets of a Cave Man." These sonnets start out uproariously; they are tossed off with huge carelessness, they sprawl with words; and yet we are no further along than the third one when its two final lines bring us up short with a start:

> And the shag headlands shook and shrank beneath
> Tread of the thunder-footed Mastodon.

Great gravy! Why, there might actually have been a great sonnet, ending with such lines! Further on, along about sonnet XIX, the writer tires of his Indian-club exercises, and falls grave; conveying, with feeling, primitive man's original marvelling (inarticulate then) in "Midnight Outside the Cave." The sonnet called "Morning" that follows, is even better poetry. And the last three sonnets of the series are moving and deeply intuitive. Right after that the second section begins with what is, perhaps, the volume's poorest exhibit; and other pages follow that do not interest us particularly, though there is certainly gusto in "A Chant of the Rum Banks." But then along comes the famous "Old Soak," singing of King David and Samson; and this is good, highly individual stuff. It is in "A Plea for Disarmament," however, that Marquis bursts forth into his occasionally inimitable burlesque balladry at its best. His "Abridged History of the U. S.," with its intricate rhyming of Irish names, is another excellent thing. ". . . Or Something" is entertaining free verse. The "Ballads of Prohibition," that bring the volume to a close, we should like to learn by heart, though "F. P. A." has created just as good heart-throb songs himself. But for the finale, the long-famous "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith" again reprinted, we have, of course, nothing but the highest praise.

To sum up, "Love Sonnets of a Cave Man" has a great deal of Don Marquis's usual vigorous slapstick performing, though it is a mélange eked out with some lesser efforts and with a classic of old standing added at the end. Yet we ourself should purchase it, if only for that epic scrimmage between the "Bull of great renown" and the "Rhino red with ire," which ought to be sung to the trumpeting of tubas and the sough and swelling roar of some cosmic accordion!

Mr. Jack Collings Squire, editor of *The London Mercury*, in a recent issue of *The Observer* endeavors finally to appraise the work of the English poet, Edward Thomas, who died in the Great War. Thomas's "Collected Poems" have recently been published in England, with a foreword by Walter De La Mare; and a book of his prose, "The Last Sheaf," has been brought out by Jonathan Cape. Mr. Squire has this, among other things, to say of him: "The influence of the American, Robert Frost, who shared his tastes, helped him to find a convenient mode of expression."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kit Carson in the Flesh

(*Continued from page* 817)

done into "modern biography," should appear. Carson the human being was a popular subject still worth while. Narratives dealing with him are among the out-of-print, but although he has been dead sixty years his alliterative name is as persistent as that of Deadwood Dick and Buffalo Bill.

Carson has been variously reported: as "a little weazen-faced, light-haired, wiry, active frontiersman, who wore his hair long, and swore in a horrible jargon of Spanish and English, and who didn't 'fear no Injun a-livin' ' "—this by Samuel Cozzens at Albuquerque of New Mexico in the late 'fifties; and as a simple, kindly, natural gentleman, by travelers and army men of the years succeeding. For he exhibits two phases, widely differing in their aspects: that of his uncouth, free-lance days upon the beaver and the Injun trail, and that of his mellowed, more dignified days when, settled down to the service of the Government, he was Father Kit to the Indians and Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General under the Flag.

Since he could not read nor write, until his last years and then only by hit and miss methods, we have few expressions directly from him that accurately present his thoughts. General Rusling and General Sherman, visiting him in his quarters at old Fort Garland in the Ute country of Colorado in the sixties, reported conversations with him—Rusling in Carson's own words; Captain Pettis, late inspector of weights and measures for Rhode Island, has related illuminative anecdotes; and an authentic but dictated autobiography recently unearthed in manuscript has been put into print. In places it reveals the man, but it is bare of details.

The other Carson dictations, such as his reports as Indian agent and army officer and his statements to sundry commissions, were so elaborated (like the classic Peters biography) in the transcription that they rival Parson Weems's effusions. He was helpless to correct the papers to which his name was scrawled; did indeed have the Peters life of him read to him by Captain Asa Carey of the Army—mildly complained that Peters had "laid it on a leetle too thick" and essayed notes that should put things right. The captain lost this copy of the book—a fact to be regretted, for the notes might clear up a number of dubitative points.

Mr. Vestal however has made the most of his zeal and his opportunities. As he says, he obtained considerable material—more or less traditional—from the Cheyennes and the Araphahos in Oklahoma where he lives; and he has had access to information gathered by his stepfather, James Campbell, who collected data in the Southwest for H. H. Bancroft while the monumental "History of the Pacific States" was in course of compilation.

The result is a racy narrative; picturesque, strong in local color, and admirably written. Mr. Vestal knows his country and his characters both white and red—and two in one. If the narrative is somewhat episodic, and confined to the high-lights in Carson's career, nevertheless it would sketch him truly; and if it is upon the motion-picture order, it is a good motion-picture, and to the vogue.

The chief new material, derived mainly, one may judge, from the older Indians, from George Bent, the half-breed descendant of Bents' Fort, and from the Campbell notes, concerns the young Kit Carson of the Arkansaw Trail of trader and trapper days. Of the Carson in the Frémont expeditions and as Indian agent and as army officer commanding in the Civil War, and Indian campaigns in the Southwest not much new, apparently, has come to light.

To the majority of people Carson represents, probably, the trapper and scout in buckskin; but he was of important service as Indian agent in northern New Mexico, as colonel of New Mexican Volunteer Infanry was posted, with his column, to help the Regulars of the New Mexico border blunt the northward thrust of the wild Texans, and under Major James Carleton, commanding the military district of New Mexico and Arizona, brought the marauding Apaches and Navajos to terms.

"Colonel" and "General" Christopher Carson (who preferred "Kit" or plain "C.") made little of his title; but the military order and discipline to which he was subject and which he had to enforce, his association with men of education different from his, and the appreciation that he earned, were wholesome for him and considerably broadened him.

Mr. Vestal portrays Carson as contemptuous of military men and methods. Like other frontier Indian fighters who had grown up in the business, in his earlier years he undoubtedly was contemptuous; and his experience with the doughty General Stephen Watts Kearny and the blundering First Dragoons upon the march into California gave him good grounds for his bias. But his opinion softened with further practical experience.

In his brief memoirs as recently published from manuscript, dated prior to his Civil War service with Regulars and Volunteers, he repeatedly expresses his admiration of hard-marching officers and men with whom he scouted; he wore the uniform, himself, for a long time, and at the last turned his son William over to General Sherman to be educated. William eventually tried for a commission, at Fort Leavenworth, and was "found."

Carson, ripened, was above all a generous man, quick to admit excellence, and tolerant of errors in others. His character, howsoever depicted, seems to be beyond reproach. I have talked with and corresponded with men and women who knew him as he was, all the way from 1838 to the moment of his death in 1868, and they have not varied in their sincere esteem for him.

I believe that Ruxton, or Garrard, or other chronicler of the times, does assert that there were valiants of quality, besides Carson, upon the plains and in the mountains. He has been ranged alongside Jim Bridger, for comparison. Bridger might have been able to out-Injun him—somebody implies that, too. If that were true, Carson would admit it. Bridger was older than Carson, was longer in the mountains, was captain of trappers when Carson was a recruit, and Carson served under him and learned from him. But in one thing Carson topped Bridger: he adapted himself to new ways which were white ways. Quaint old Jim delighted in being half-Injun, to the drop of the curtain.

Laying aside argument I wish to state, without reserve, that I heartily enjoy Mr. Vestal's "Kit Carson." To be sure, Kit himself might be puzzled at hearing himself rated with the gallant Robin Hood, with Sir Galahad, with the Norse heroes, and with Achilles; and the encomium "epic history" is getting to be a Platte River—a mile wide and an inch deep. However, neither Mr. Vestal nor his publishers call the fine story a "saga," although they well might; for if they do not, that is because they are too modest.

Diadems and Fagots

(*Continued from page* 818)

define success in terms of the control of nature, and worship the machine, * so long will the "How to Succeed Series" dominate the publisher's lists.

The truth is that the imagination has lost its grip. Those who serve it in art and religion are dazed, like the rest of us, by the immense success of the measurers, who by exploding a liquid change the transportation habits of mankind, or with a dose of bacteria make two grains of wheat grow where one grew before. We are much too busy capitalizing our physical gains to worry about the break-down of morale, the increase of neuroticism, the vulgarizing of public life. That is probably just what the active worker in the machine should be doing. If he worries, it will probably be about the wrong thing. And it is not fantastic to suppose that he may lose interest in physics, chemistry, medicine, finance, and government at the very moment when they are most needed to support the decaying initiative of too much coddled man. But it is the business of the creative writers to look ahead, and they have had bundles of hay dropped under their noses. A million facts in sociology, anthropology, psychology, biology have been slung in their direction to be analyzed and digested into literature. The gleaners that follow a reaper and binder have no time to look beyond the end of the field.

In short, literature is subservient as seldom before in history, and efficient knowledge is its watchword quite as much as the factory manager's. Do the book and never consider whether it is worth the doing. Art for science's sake. Let all writing become journalism and tell the world what happened last week. This is the creed of the best read authors of the twentieth century and whatever their achievement, this achievement is limited by the scope of their ideal.

And yet the desire to ask what comes next is irresistible. What is the final answer to mass production and mass consumption? How is happiness bred and how conserved? What does it profit a man if he can contral economics, enforce prohibition, abolish illiteracy, and yet cannot satisfy himself? In the past we have gone to the poets and to the religious for answers—partial to be sure but yet not disproved. Has all the imagination gone into science that we must be content with statistics for our answers now? The omniscient Victorians who preached with such confident audacity ends and means of good living, while science was quietly digging pits under their feet, are treated now with a mixture of admiration and ridicule. No wonder Carlyle was bilious and Tennyson took to port. But the grandchildren of the Victorians are so afraid of being wrong in any speculative matter that they dare not open their mouths in protest against the machine that gives them bread. The Delphic Oracle has become a laboratory, Apollo a phonograph, and the Muses are busy studying sex and neuroticism. Morality is a theme for the ignorant, and the literature of protest is written by obscurantists and those who should have been long since dead. The literary mind has gained in skill and prudence, lost in energy and courage. The salt has been told that it is only sodium chloride and has promptly lost its savour. Bankers, manufacturers, and engineers have usurped a creative leadership which belongs to education, morality, and art. And it will take as good men as they are to get it back.

As good men, who are not despisers of their own times, not stupidly ignorant of the results of measurement, but devoting strong imagination to a way of life that leads toward spiritual content. Modern literature emphatically is not so interested, as its obsession with scientific analysis abundantly proves. For let the apple roll as far as it may, it still sheweth the tree from which it comes.

* What may happen when religion comes back as a ritualistic worship of the machine is wittily set forth in E. M. Forster's phantasy, just published in "The Eternal Moment." Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Image and Symbol

THE UNKNOWN BARNUM. By HARVEY W. ROOT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM, dead nearly forty years and only a showman while alive, is still an interest and somewhat of an enigma to his countrymen. Mr. Bradford and Mr. Werner have explained him to this generation, in varying, somewhat contradictory idioms. This year has seen two new editions of his autobiography. And now Mr. Root, a gentleman of vast industry, but rather effusive rhetoric, adds another volume to the Barnum literature. Clearly old "P. Seven" has more than a little significance for this age.

One ventures to think that this significance attaches less to the man than to the image of him, which he so vigorously helped to create, and to a certain usable symbolism. A literary generation that prefers, generally, a stereotype to the fact for which it once stood, finds the image of Barnum a convenient stalking horse. America is shrewd, commercial, philistine, presumptuous: Barnum, being all of these things, at least in his image, is a convenient symbol of America. One calls him the most typical American and so has settled the matter. Thus one school of opinion. Another may be thought of as fearing, rather than rejoicing, that Barnum, in his image, is the typical American. The man who exhibited a paralytic negress for profit, who offered to buy Shakespeare's house and set it up in the American Museum, who imported Jumbo and Jenny Lind, and who first urged the churches to employ what has come to be called sure-fire advertising—well, one sees how clean-cut the image is, and how convenient the symbolism that may be attached to it. Must we see ourselves in him and either applaud or deplore?

There remains one awkward matter, what scholarly critics call a crux. That is Barnum's welcome abroad, particularly in England. He was received by Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and, among others, Prince George of Wales. Here, symbolism is always a little ambiguous. British approval of Melville, for instance, proves that America is unable to recognize masterpieces. Also, British approval of Mark Twain proves that American approval of him was the sure instinct of America for shoddy literature and that America is unable to recognize masterpieces. The value of the test may be doubted. It appears not to have occurred to any

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Letters to the Colvins

WHAT fun it would be, if one had (say) thirty or forty thousand dollars he didn't know just how to spend, to go to the Anderson Galleries on May 7th and buy the whole collection of Colvin Letters *en bloc*. It's almost a pity they can't be kept together in one place, as a memorial of Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin and a gazetteer of literary information. For half a century Sidney Colvin, and the gallant Mrs. Sitwell, who later became Lady Colvin, were a source of encouragement and good counsel for innumerable writers. What Colvin did to help Stevenson is of course his best-known monument, but it must not obscure his innumerable other claims on our gratitude. He, perhaps more than any other man, made Landor known to the public; his great book on Keats, published in 1917 after a lifetime of thought and preparation, will never be displaced by any other work. From Ruskin and Meredith down to the youngest hopefuls of our own day he knew them all. He was always, as RLS used to say humorously, somewhat the Stern Parent: he was a gentleman of an older fashion than our own, there were unmistakable austerities in his notion of life; but the generosity and the shrewdness were perfect. He was that most delicate of ambassadors, courier extraordinary and plenipotentiary between Bohemia and Athens.

So these Letters—which are letters written *to* the Colvins by some of their friends and (one might say) clients—diligently winnowed by Mr. E. V. Lucas, Colvin's friend and executor, now come before us in the form of an auction catalogue. The catalogue itself is to me something of a sentimental item, for it was the last piece of editing done by Charles Vale, that very remarkable and little known man who died lately. If one could follow through the variously ramifying ways in which this particular catalogue runs sensitive nerve-roots into the whole tract of recent literature, it would involve a stout volume. I believe I could compile a pretty good thesis for a Ph. D. degree based on the interlineary suggestions of this catalogue alone. For Mr. Vale was a cataloguer *in excelsis*, his fund of information and gossip were infinite, and his grim Staffordshire humor led him to put down the shrewd little annotations which are the joy of those (not so very many) who can relish the allusions suggested.

* * *

Of course Letters make the best anthologies always. You remember that enchanting person Pearsall Smith jocularly urging Posterity to "hurry up and get itself born" so that it can have the pleasure of reading *Trivia*. Similarly there are certain people whom one almost feels inclined to urge to hurry up and die so that their letters can be published. It is a pity that the copyright propriety in letters is so dubious. Does the right to publish inhere in the writer of the letter, in the recipient, or in the eventual owner of the document itself? It's a nice problem. But of course it is chiefly—perhaps only—in letters that one gets the mother-of-pearly shimmer inside the oyster of Fact.

So these letters, even if only in the brief extracts permitted in a sale catalogue, are not read without a thrill. Certainly not without a thrill by one who himself when young eagerly frequented the famous old "Monument," as RLS called that southeast corner of the British Museum where Colvin lived (while still Keeper of the Prints), who drank his wine and looked with awe upon his sacred relics of so many who had been until then only wizard names. Those were happy days: there were no Wars, all was fair that time could bring, and to sit and talk with the gracious host and great gentleman who had known Ruskin, Browning, Meredith, Stevenson, Hardy . . . to hear first of all from him the name (even then, 1911, not much known) of Joseph Conrad, this was the kind of escapade into amazement that a young man does not forget. Oh, a very sound thing for a very young acolyte is that sentiment of awe. One knew when one was near the vibration of greatness.

* * *

What a storehouse of human episode and opinion in these little paper boats of friendship that now float together a moment on the downward stream of time, then to be dispersed in many directions. One can see that certain judicious exclusions have been made in the assortment, for letters have always a certain divine dynamite in them and remain latently explosive for a long time after the ink is dry. But there remain, even after obviously wise reluctancies, enough to hasten the pulse of any connoisseur of human emotion. There are the arguments about the rather pathetic "Robert Stevenson," well-known to students of the RLS saga, who goes about the world claiming to be a natural of Tusitala and trims his hair so as to enforce his likeness. RLS, always a lover of Scottish Pretenders, would have enjoyed this. Barrie writes "I should forget to couple Mary Lamb with Charles as soon as think of RLS without taking off my hat to Colvin." I like Barrie's remark, in another letter, about a Meredith memorial—"he seems too big for memorials—there are so many of the little men." Oscar Browning writes how Mrs. Shelley, after the burning of Shelley's body on the seashore, carried home the heart in a pocket handkerchief. Burne-Jones has to sleep with a hot-water bottle: "To think after all I have preached and said and painted about love that I should come at last to marry a hot bottle—she burst the other night and I divorced her at once." Chesterton, then a young and ambitious journalist, writes with charming modesty and humility to thank Colvin for having put him in the way of a commission (to do his book on Browning).

Stevenson's many letters to Colvin were all dispersed long ago, but there is here a most interesting correspondence (135 letters) from Colvin to Charles Baxter about Stevenson's publishing affairs, including many amusing quotations from RLS's remarks—such as that "if Cassell's were taken graciously by the beard, they might be raised to 20%" (alluding, of course, to royalties). But the greatest plum in the pudding is the long series of letters from Conrad, ranging over twenty years; very few of which have been published in Jean-Aubry. In writing to Colvin, Conrad betrays (what I have never seen alluded to in print) his love of Keats. I myself heard Conrad say, with stunning unexpectedness, that *The Eve of St. Agnes* was one of the things he would most like to have written; and here in a very charming letter, referring to "Keats, the Well beloved," he remarks that he would "love to read poets" with Colvin. Of *The Shadow-Line* he writes "the whole thing is exact autobiography . . . *experience is transposed into spiritual terms—in art* a perfectly legitimate thing to do." He admits that even though 42 years have passed since the romantic origins of *The Arrow of Gold*, he could not read some passages in the proofs of that book without "a tightness of the chest." If you remember Rita in that book you will know why. Some of his comments on American hustling are very entertaining. "They are all going on to Paris—invariably—in a few days. I never yet got a letter from one of them who wasn't going on to Paris in anything from 3 days to a week. Is there really a devil that is after them or is it a mere formula to hustle one into a quick reply?" He tells how he hates going about in a cloth "gout-boot," which he says is "too early Victorian for a common mortal. It was well enough for Lord Palmerston."

* * *

Hardy writes, putting his unrivalled knowledge of Wessex at Colvin's disposal in helping to identify Lulworth Cove, on the coast of Dorset, where Keats trod English soil for the last time and where (aboard the brigantine *Maria Crowther*) he copied out the last sonnet. (One of the things I would most like to see in this world would be a picture of the *Maria Crowther*. Does anyone know what became of her?) Henley writes, of *Weir of Hermiston*, that it is "My Lewis again, and in all his glory." Maurice Hewlett confides "I've been in Hell about a novel. I doubt sometimes if a worse tyranny can be devised than to sell one's imagination." Henry James says (in 1895) that he's given up dining-out. From Cambridge, Mass., in 1911, of "this appalling country" and his exasperated homesickness for England. And when in his house at Rye (Sussex) he is homesick for London. "I pine for the colour of the jars, at night, in the chemists' windows." Kipling writes that he quite agrees with Colvin that at least one room at the Athenæum Club should be kept free from tobacco. Masefield, in 1911, after Colvin's friendly but strict review (in the *Observer*) of his little Shakespeare book, writes with agreeable modesty "I hope that you will let me meet you some day." How well I remember that review of the little Shakespeare book: "This is the most valuable book of poetic criticism," said Colvin, "since the tract on Shelley by Francis Thompson." I cut it out (Oct. 8, 1911) and still have it, but it's getting very yellow and brittle. It is very characteristic of Colvin's prompt generosity that only two days after the first letter, Masefield writes to accept an invitation to lunch. George Moore thanks Colvin for having introduced him to Landor's work, and adds "what a pleasure to read him before the herd comes along." Charles Vale's comment on this is worth preserving:

> As this letter is addressed to *Sir* Sidney Colvin, it cannot have been written earlier than 1911, when the knighthood was bestowed. It would seem that Mr. Moore might have been a little swifter in preceding the herd.

* * *

There are some interesting letters from Stephen Phillips, the premature dissipation and extinction of whose genius was a severe disappointment to Colvin. Phillips writes, in 1895 or thereabouts, "I have seen Mr. Comyns-Carr. He urged me strongly to write a play." Quiller-Couch writes charmingly of the problems involved in finishing RLS's incompleted MS of *St. Ives*. "I *hate* the balloon business," he remarks—and well he might. Certainly not the least important in the collection are the letters from Fanny Stevenson, including her comments on the oddity of their friend in Bournemouth, Sir Percy Shelley (son of P. B. S.) and her strong premonition of some disaster for three days preceding Louis's death: "For three days I had known that something terrible was going to happen in the house. That last day I was almost insane with terror and Louis had just been laughing at my childishness. . . ." She quotes Louis as having said to her several times "Colvin sees in me an atmosphere of his own: when I am dead don't let him make me out a damned angel."

So it goes. Even in the brief précis of an auction catalogue, if one had not already known it by personal memory and gratitude, one can divine what rare hospitality of spirit was in the two Colvins that caused so many to come to them with trust and homage. Sidney was always a knightly name.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Image and Symbol

(*Continued from last page*)

biographer of Barnum that the English nobility enjoyed Barnum in the same way and to the same extent that it enjoyed General Tom Thumb. Bosco the Dog-Faced Boy never fails of an audience, and when an English audience can remember that Bosco is an American, ordinary symbolism acquires a Freudian hue.

Mr. Root's book seems to have been written in the hope of restoring some of the gilt that Mr. Bradford and Mr. Werner have knocked off the image. Though he calls freely on the autobiographies—if it may be assumed that Barnum did write them—his industry has extended to many sources hitherto ignored. Notably, he exhumes Barnum's youthful newspaper. So he goes out to convince us that, after all, Barnum's greatness did not consist solely of his genuius for publicity. He exhibits the showman as an epitome of nineteenth-century America—storekeeper, lottery-agent, editor, subscription-agent, boarding house keeper, trouper, showboater, manufacturer, publisher, temperance lecturer, realtor, mayor, legislator, lay preacher, scientific farmer, banker, and patron of the lesser arts. He was, too, a political liberal, early in life, and, also early in life, suffered inconvenience because of his religious beliefs. All of this means a great deal to Mr. Root, and no doubt it is best to have the record corrected.

The result is not wholly convincing. Don Marquis, I believe, announced that it is Moral Worth that gets the Mazuma, every time. Mr. Root merely reinforces the impression that our national admiration for pious millionaires did not begin with the first tabloid. Barnum's show was moral. So were his activities, even his dealings in real estate. He was not the first American to discover that morality pays, but that principle explains great portions of the image.

Mr. Root accepts both image and symbolism. To him Barnum is not only a representative American, but a great one as well. In no respect does his subject offend him. The patronage of the Queen seems to him quite conclusive, but if it weren't, there remains Horace Greeley's friendship. He fails to find another kind of symbolism in those notebooks of funny stories, kept so faithfully. He sees only a delightful waggery in those practical jokes: it was droll of the old gentleman to embarrass his daughter on her honeymoon. Nor, seemingly, has he read that painful footnote in Mr. Werner's book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Sprightly Psychology

PSYCHOLOGY: A Simplification. By Lloyd Ring Coleman and Saxe Commins. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

THE title of this review implies as serious a criticism as this really meritorious effort deserves; for the average of the chapters in content and grasp and carrying power is definitely to the good, despite the more than occasional misses, the equally frequent, if slight, distortions of focus, and the occasional clowning. It is a little difficult to juggle a ball and a feather at the same time; for however light the substance there is a message, a fact, a principle, a point of view, an insight to convey as well as the short reach of the reader to consider. The plan of making the reader think by keeping him amused can be overdone.

Yet the reader who draws this volume from the neighborhood library will be satisfied with his choice. Reading it will do him a lot of good without hurting him. He will have a better insight into what goes into the making of his mind, and what has come out of a devoted study of its workings by those competent in the field. One must know the make-up of the casual reader to predict how many will go away with the impression that some persons are so constituted as to adopt psychology as their favorite indoor sport, how many with the impression that it is an intricate mass of opinions in which one professor's guess is matched by another's denial, how many with the impression that it is really a worth-while occupation, has a meaning for them and contributes to the illumination of the world in which they are living mentally as well as physically.

The volume invites consideration of the desirable kinds of popularization. One such book is good; to have it set the style for ideals of popularizing would be a misfortune. The tradition is bad enough, and nowhere worse than in the minds of editors of popular magazines who seem to be convinced that anything is true and important if it can be put in sprightly language, and nothing not so phraseable can go far in either value. These appeals to the thirst for knowledge find their congenial display and reflection of their contents in drug-stores, harboring a small and inconspicuous prescription department for those in need of some serious aid, among a bewildering array of candies and sweets, cigars, vanities, frivolities, and tid-bits, everything to tickle and nothing substantial,—and all flashing in gay wrappings. What might pass as an occasional indulgence has become the steady diet of the multitude. It would be a calamity if that same misconception of human needs and the proper mode of their satisfaction should invade the library. The competition of the drug-store and the news-stand increases the responsibility of the library and of popular writers.

Though this may be too heavy a preamble for the topic in hand, it happens to make a good text, and a preface for a brief indication of the quality of the wares offered in this welcome addition to the popular shelf on psychology. In content the survey is ample. It begins with the abnormal, thus introducing the variations and the variants of the total individual, and uses the changes in treatment of mental disorder as convincing proof of the pragmatic value of a point of view. The study of mental inadequacy gave rise to the need of mental test and the resulting scales. Biology presents its quota by way of inheritance in the making of a man. There follows the newer insight into the nature of childhood and the incomparable significance of the genetic approach, while the inclusions of the animal brought at once objective methods and the clear simplification of the factors that still play a leading rôle when the animal happens to be so complex as a man. The "mosaic" as the pattern of analysis and synthesis in the organism is the rather too limited recognition given to the central factors of the mental mechanism, and the treatment of the by-paths of hypnosis, dual personality, telepathy is least successful. The applied field is generously and ably considered, the survey including crime and religion as significant products of the human psyche, to be probed and set in a newer light by the convergence of all the later insights. Social psychology introduces man in his relational aspect and the vast enrichment of behavior in that indispensable setting of all human nature as a going concern. The applications to education, to industry, to the problems of personnel and the specialized fitness that modern needs require, as well as to the ancient and once again honorable study of character and types of human capacity and their signs and relations. The volume closes with an instructive survey of the different and warring schools each asserting a dominance of the whole field, of the value of psychologies—structural, functional, dynamic, behavioristic, Freudian, *Gestalt*, and their varieties—and the conviction that an inclusive synthesis is still to be made that will restore the total man buried in these several partial versions, and make a vital reality out of a reconstructed torso.

The chapters devoted to the general interpretations of psychological points of view to human problems, social, abnormal, educational, practical, are the best in statement and discrimination. The actual fact—content is not sufficient to indicate the evidence, the authors preferring to report general conclusions and to interpret their bearing. For informational content such worthy popularizations as those of Adams, Humphrey, Troland, C. K. Ogden, are richer. Messrs. Coleman and Commins paint a larger canvas with broader strokes in the interests of an impression from a distance. They have avoided, as do all wise popularizers, any talking down. They are dealing with matters that require certain concepts, a certain vocabulary, and they possess the intelligence to regard these not as obstacles, as children look upon long words, but as the only adequate terms for their subject. If anyone is inclined to regard this type of presentation as skilled reporting, it may be argued that anything well enough done is an art, and that the amount of information and grasp needed to carry through this enterprise is itself a warrant for offering one's service as a cicerone to those less well informed. Their book is a useful guide, and in view of the complexities of the country through which the journey goes, the relief of an easy and often engaging touch is welcome. This accompanies the reader through to the end. There is a bibliography with two-or-three-line appraisals that are often trenchant; and it is no slight feat to make a book-list interesting.

Ancient Greece

HELLENISTIC CIVILIZATION. By W. W. Tarn. London: Edward Arnold & Co. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by Hetty Goldman

MR. TARN, whose brilliant work on special features of the Hellenistic period of Greek history is known to all who concern themselves with that subject, and who has recently gained a wider public by his contributions to the Cambridge Ancient History, is the author of an admirable book called "Hellenistic Civilization." It appeals to those who read neither the learned journals, which may be said to occupy the bleak polar regions of historic research, nor the popular distortions in journalistic vein which burn luridly at its equator, but who wish their facts stated with accuracy and interpreted with insight and imagination. In the author's own words: "The book is neither a history nor a textbook, but an attempt to get a general picture of the civilization of the Hellenistic period, covering all the main subjects." The first chapter, "Historical Outline," is a model of condensation and as clear as the subject permits. Dealing as it does with so many personalities, intrigues, warfares, shifting alliances, and changing fortunes, it cannot but cause a certain confusion in the mind of the reader which is inherent in the subject rather than in the manner of telling. This chapter serves only as a necessary background. The real concern of the author is with forms of government, and with the features, racial, social, economic, and cultural which give the Hellenistic period its individuality and differentiate it from the Greek civilization that was its predecessor.

Mr. Tarn's imagination is not of the kind that indulges in flights. It is willing to accompany a sober narrative and enhance its meaning at every step. Into the enumeration of eastern products and the towns and routes by which they reached their destination, he has put some of the poetry and almost the magic of sound which a medieval writer evoked from the names of Fair Women. May one suggest too that Mr. Tarn is a historian with humane sympathies as well as intelligent understanding?

Problems of the Pacific

Proceedings of the Second Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Honolulu, 1927

Edited by J. B. Condliffe

IN Honolulu in the summer of 1927 the representatives of nine diverse civilizations conferred upon matters of mutual concern. The proceedings of this second Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations are complete in this book, which is a political and social document of the greatest importance.

Problems of the Pacific is the story of a democratic procedure applied to international relations. The Conference was unofficial; its members represented no governments or private interests. Though well acquainted with their governments' policies, the members came uninstructed, and spoke for themselves alone.

$3.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

A New Book by the Author of A PASSAGE TO INDIA, Etc.

E. M. FORSTER

SIX of E. M. Forster's works had appeared in this country before his "A Passage to India" won him the enduring reputation and the larger number of readers to which his merit entitled him. There is an element of fantasy about the stories in this volume, whether their scenes are laid in England or on the Continent, or in the countries of the future. With his short-stories which appeared in the *Celestial Omnibus,* this book completes, says Mr. Forster, his work in this particular line. Only one of the stories has ever been printed in America. $2.50

The ETERNAL MOMENT

Harcourt, Brace and Company

Old Mother Earth

By Kirtley F. Mather

Professor Mather is one of the many men of science who are devoting part of their time to the "conscious adventure of humanizing knowledge." The fifteen chapters in this book constitute a series of "arm-chair talks" on the origin and history of the earth and its inhabitants, ranging from "The Origin of Life" to "Earthquakes," from "The Evolution of Mankind" to "The Great Ice Age," from "The Philosophy of Evolution" to "Geology and Genesis." His statements are authoritative, but are not obscured by technical language; the 61 illustrations are remarkable in themselves. $2.50

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 Randall Hall,
Cambridge, Mass.

PARTNERS THREE

By Elby Wagner

A VIRILE and swiftly-moving tale of Alaska during the days of the famous gold rush. A girl is befriended by two miners and stakes out a claim with them. Then follows a series of dramatic episodes which carry the reader forward with the force of a mountain torrent.

$2.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From A British Musketeer

By Hamish Miles

MY Dear George Jean Nathan:

You are not expecting this letter. It comes from a stranger, and from England. But it happens that I have just been reading three very remarkable columns, headed "American Literature and British Snipers," which you wrote for the April number of *The American Mercury*.

I hardly suppose you really meant them to draw the fire of any particular British musketeer. But as the "Mercury" did me the honor of sending over an advance proof of your "Clinical Notes" for the month, as if reluctant to touch off this long-range cannon without some warning to the peace-loving, I'd like to do you the courtesy of standing up forthwith and levelling my firelock in your direction, in defence, at any rate, of such of my compatriot critics as were not thus favored.

Briefly, your case is this: that a spirit of permanent hostility between America and Britain is being fostered by what you term the "arbitrary snootishness, condescension and downwright animosity of England and the English to almost all American literary endeavor, however worthy." For "hardly an American book, of whatever sort," you assure your readers, "can be published in England without calling forth in English newspapers and periodicals a violent nose-fingering and derision. Even the best American writers are waved aside as mere literary bounders or are denounced with a superior and offensive air as provincial amateurs." And you argue, naturally, that this is a dangerous and deplorable state of affairs, and that Downing Street (presumably through the Foreign Office—or should it be the Board of Education?) ought to give the litterateurs responsible for it a good talking-to.

Well and good. It is satisfactory at least to find someone standing up as you do, my dear Mr. Nathan, for the high import of letters and criticism in the national, and international, life. Believe me, it ought to be a proud day for the pen-pushers of both our countries when the trouble really comes to a head. What a grand new Tea Party that will be, when some fine afternoon the outraged scribes of New York are whooped up at news of the *Mauretania* with incoming mails being past the Ambrose Light, when, disguised perhaps as ship's-news reporters, they out and board her in the Narrows, and heave into the welcoming depths those offending bundles of *Spectators* and *New Statesmen*, those tyrannical bales of the *Times Literary Supplement*. . . . That will be the end of bickering. After that, as you hint, there will be nothing for it but War.

But what is your evidence of the plot? Who *are* these persecuted American authors? Which *are* the English journals that cock their derisive snoots at bare mention of their names? When you declare that there are scores of English critics, great and small, who "lose no opportunity to deride and insult American writers, denying them fair criticism and giving them instead only the ready-made and rubber-stamp aspersions, disparagements, sneers and catcalls," or further that "the literary critics of the London weeklies laugh sarcastically and obstreperously when an American happens to mention the name of Cabell or Sherwood Anderson or Dreiser,"—why, you are simply bombinating happily in a great void. I defy you to name one single journal of any literary repute in this country, whether a staid and conservative organ like the *Times Literary Supplement*, or a comparatively "advanced" one like the *Nation* or *New Statesman*, or a half-way house like the *Saturday Review*, or a frankly popular book-news weekly like *John o' London's*, or an organ of purely critical ideas like the *Monthly Criterion*—to name a single one which encourages or displays any such futile attitude as you gratuitously suggest.

(You might perhaps point to the lacerated bodies of Sherwood Anderson and Gertrude Stein and Anita Loos, left on the stricken field by Wyndham Lewis after his onslaught in the last issue of his one-man review, *The Enemy*. But nobody could interpret that assassination as a merely anti-American gesture: after all, it was quite an international sort of holocaust, and you will find also in the débris the bodies of the Englishman D. H. Lawrence, the German Spengler, the Frenchman Bergson. . . .)

But "literary bounders!" And "provincial amateurs!" Nobody, my dear Mr. Nathan, of the slightest literary importance in this country has talked of such things for years and years! Your information is utterly demoded. Do you suppose that the Rev. Sydney Smith is still chirruping at the literary dinner-tables? The claims of modern American writers to be heard in England, as Americans, and as writers, are perfectly well established. I have no time to poke about in the files of the literary journals of the past few years, but I simply reach over from where I am now sitting and pick up, absolutely and honestly at random, a few recent issues of London weeklies. Here they are: three of the *Times Literary Supplement*, and four of the *New Statesman*, all dated during February or March, 1928. It is a fair cross-section. And if I clipped the relevant reviews and articles just from these seven unselected numbers for you, what would you find?

(1) A serious and commendatory review of Dreiser's "Chains"—part of a uniform edition of his works at present being issued, set-up and printed here by Constable. (T. L. S.)

(2) Another, critical, but not in the least derisive or nose-fingering, of the same Dreiser volume. (N. S.)

(3) Commendatory review of a re-issue of John Weldon Johnson's "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man." (T. L. S.)

(4) Do. do. of John W. Vandercook's "Black Majesty." (N. S.)

(5) Do. do. of "Best Short Stories of 1927, American," with special praise of Ernest Hemingway and Lyle Saxon. (N. S.)

(6) Do. do. of a re-issue of "The Education of Henry Adams," drawing attention to its importance in a study of "the modern American consciousness." (N. S.)

(7) Do. do. of H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices: Sixth Series." (N. S.)

(8) A whole column of shrewd and careful appraisal, fully appreciative, of a one-volume edition of O. Henry's complete works. (T. L. S.)

(9) Five careful and obviously expert reviews of books of scholarship, from American University Presses. (T. L. S. and N. S.)

(10) About twenty short reviews of less important fiction, mainly detective or Western stories, of American origin.

And I give you my word, suspect though it may be, that I cannot detect in any one of these, from (1) to (10), any trace of patronizing, or derision, or critical crookedness, or indeed of any of the other tokens of racial self-consciousness which you profess to know about. All your talk of that is simply fantastic—and, I think, objectionable.

* *

Objectionable because, my dear Mr. Nathan, you seem to me to be talking in pure ignorance. Admittedly, you may have cause for temporary or local irritation of some sort. You mention, for instance, the tiresome ways of certain touring English lecturers. Believe me, I know very well how painful a creature the visiting lecturer in the States can be. (I have lived, but never lectured, there myself; and more than once have I felt hot and cold all over at the spectacle of some whippersnapper from London lording it at a luncheon of the New York literati, with his intimate Christian-name talk of the English giants with whom he may or may not have shaken hands.) But tourists—and lecturers are hardly more—are not a fit sample to judge a nation by: as even we over here are slowly beginning to learn. And you ought to know very well that the best-advertised names are not always the most representative.

And when you mention the names of two or three English writers who see this evil thing as clearly as yourself, you only make it clearer still, my dear Mr. Nathan, that your knowledge of literary England is extremely scrappy and haphazard. Your imaginary picture of Messrs. Hugh Walpole, St. John Ervine and J. B. Priestley having "a tough time of it" amongst their colleagues because of their magnificent courage in battling for a cause so thoroughly established as this one, is, as the old saying goes, a subject for Max Beerbohm. . . . And whom are these hard-pressed paladins of young America's literature beset by? Apparently by no fewer than one hundred and two virulent American-baiters, amongst whom the tremendous forms of Arnold Bennett and G. K. Ches-

(*Continued on next page*)

By Burton J. Hendrick

The Training of An American

The Earlier Life And Letters of

WALTER H. PAGE

Every reader of the Page Letters will enjoy this new volume. In it, Burton J. Hendrick tells the story of Mr. Page's earlier life and career as editor, publisher, and educator, skillfully weaving his incomparable letters into the narrative which is carried up to the war days already described.

The result is an absorbing study of the making of a remarkable man and a book indispensable to every owner of the other volumes who wishes to complete the set.

1855 1913

Illustrated
$5.00
Houghton Mifflin Co.

When old Jordan Courtenay learned to laugh—

—a certain social world turned upside down and some strange things happened. Old Uncle Jord and his favorite young nephew Francis had locked horns in many a wordy and witty battle until finally the young rake was turned out of house and home. Then life took hold of the two men and effected a startling metamorphosis: turning the "he-butterfly" and the "boiled owl" into a successful business man, and making the staid old philanthropist a bon-vivant and a reckless fighter who almost destroyed the entire New York police force single-handed.

Everyone who enjoyed *Slippy McGee* and *Shepherds* will be delighted by this new novel—

By Marie Conway Oemler

SHEAVES

At All Bookstores, $2.00 **THE CENTURY CO.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bobbs Merrill Books

Author of Cortés the Conqueror

Henry Dwight
SEDGWICK'S
La Fayette

An important biography of a great-hearted gentleman, full of very real and engaging charm. One of our national heroes, at least, has come through modern scrutiny without loss—*Saturday Review of Literature.*
Illustrated $5

Edited by
EDWARD GARNETT
Letters *from* Joseph Conrad
1895-1924

It is no exaggeration to describe this book as of paramount importance to English literature—*William McFee, in N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

By HOWARD W. ODUM
Rainbow Round My Shoulder
The Blue Trail of Black Ulysses

A beautiful book, a credit to modern American writing, first in its class and a high class at that.
—*William Allen White* $3

By HUGH RODMAN
Rear Admiral U. S. N
Yarns *of a* Kentucky Admiral

Delightful reminiscences of a full life, enjoyed to the full, by the commander of the American Battle Squadron in the North Sea during the World War.
Illustrated $5

The Delight *of* Great Books

By JOHN ERSKINE

Works of genius made of vital interest to us by a genius in interpretation. $2.50

By FISKE KIMBALL
American Architecture

The full story by our foremost authority, for all to enjoy and remember.
Illustrated $4

The Bobbs-Merrill Company
Publishers Indianapolis

From a British Musketeer

(*Continued from preceding page*)

terton loom up alarmingly in the dust. The other hundred, "lesser men," are unnamed—but there they are, you assure us, bristling with an armoury of "sneers" and "disparagements" and all the rest of it. Well, what the proof of Bennett's share in this outburst of xenophobia may be, I cannot imagine. He has a certain acknowledged influence as a book-taster, by reason nowadays of a weekly article of six or seven hundred words in the London *Evening Standard*. But he certainly devotes very little of his time to criticism at all, and the fraction of that which may possibly, on some occasion, have been used to animadvert upon some American book or books, must be precious small. And as a matter of fact, you have at the present moment only to look into any London bookseller's window to see nicely printed signs on which the villain Bennett may be noticed standing shoulder to shoulder with the heroic Hugh Walpole in praising to the sky the success of the season—the American "Bridge of San Luis Rey." As for Chesterton, his critical weight in literary matters in England is practically negligible. And as for the hundred others, could you, Mr. Nathan, name as many as five of them? Three? One?

You do mention the late St. Loe Strachey. But *Spectator* Strachey, like so much of your information, belonged to a past age. An age of patronizing, if you will. Yet even he opened his literary columns freely, during the years that followed the war, to a group of young writers who were certainly not slow to understand that American literature had passed right out of the stage when patronizing could possibly be called for. You might have mentioned also your old critic, *feu* A. B. Walkley, who used on occasion to fill his Wednesday column in the *Times* with elaborate quizzing and badinage over your own writings, rather in the manner of a connoisseur of crusted old port who should condescend, just for once, to try, if only to see how the young people amuse themselves, the tang of a cocktail. But these were Edwardians, and are gone.

Yes, I have sometimes suspected, my dear Mr. Nathan, that your knowledge of the details of English life was much less intricate than you perhaps whipped yourself into believing. I remember with pleasure a column you wrote not very long ago, in that same department of the "American Mercury," concerning the English vernacular as she is at the present day spoke. How delicious that was! It had all the flavor of those strangely and awfully English names—"Sir Spelts," "Lord MacNeddy"—in which French novelists still occasionally indulge. I made a clipping at the time, and it is pleasant to turn back to it now, and learn how an Englishman of King George the Fifth's day understands exactly what an American of Calvin Coolidge's means when he "orders a Hamburger instead of a Salisbury," or "a sailor instead of a boating-straw"; that the old English taboo on the words "stomach" and "bloody" has been miraculously lifted, and that these words are now "used commonly in polite society"; that the most generally employed exclamation in England today is "Gosh"; that "sap," "simp," "the bum's rush," are current coin in our everyday chit-chat; that "ripping" (which long, long ago passed into the exclusive ownership of schoolgirls under twelve) is replaced by "dandy." And you related how as an experiment in London one day, you "tried speaking un-American English of the vintage of some years back to an English friend," and the poor simp just didn't know what you were talking about. . . . It is very possible.

But here is a fair challenge in the matter. If on your next visit to London (which, I hope, in the cause of international friendship, may be soon), you can find me any house of refreshment between Temple Bar and Cornhill where you are unhesitatingly supplied on your request with such a thing as a "Salisbury," or can find therein (bar the all-too-knowing "Cheshire Cheese") one authentic English-speaking citizen who doesn't raise an interrogating eyebrow when you drop "sap," or "simp," or "the bum's rush" into your conversation, or can track down in Piccadilly, Jermyn Street or St. James's, a hatter's wherein any assistant born later than 1858 will unabashedly fit you with a "boating-straw"—well, Gosh! Mr. Nathan, I shall be bloody glad to pay for Salisburys all round the company, and likewise present you yourself with a really ripping boating-straw. . . .

These things of course are trifles. But not meaningless. They seem to me to be so very much of a piece with your subtly distorted and demoded picture of the present-day English literary attitude, that I cannot resist pencilling them into the general composition. I noticed once that Sinclair Lewis handed you a garland of which the modest flower was, that you had "all of the Jesuit's rock-firm scholarship, scholarship deep and wide, international and incisive." This may, of course, apply to your expertise in the drama; but the wide and incisive scholarship seems to be temporarily blunted when the boat-train deposits you at Waterloo Station. These generalisations, of one whom Lewis also calls the "super-diagnostician," in this as in other samples of your writing, are those of a tourist, no more, no less. They only leave one wondering whether, after all, in life or in letters, you really know which end of London is which.

* *

But a word or two on the finishing touches of your Clinical Note of April 1st. Here, as I think, your attitude becomes more definitely offensive.

To remind you of what you perhaps wrote in a moment of aberration, I copy it out for you to look at in cooler blood:

"There is only one way to meet, at least temporarily, such writers and critics, and that way is for American writers and critics to turn about and give the English a dose of their own medicine. That they can give them a bigger dose than the English can ladle out is apparent enough, for the English writers and lecturers must rely on the American market for a decent livelihood, where the English market, so far as American writers and lecturers are concerned, is a negligible one and not worth consideration. Once reprisals and sabotage get going, and English writers are arbitrarily given the same snide and dirty deal that they are currently giving the Americans, there will be a lot of hitherto full, but increasingly empty English literary bellies.

"When the ball starts rolling, I should like to join in the grand game, yet one thing prevents me. I don't think I could ever persuade myself to stoop to the level of paltry trimming and critical crookedness that is so handsomely descended to by many of my British colleagues."

If these lines are not in themselves a rare specimen of arbitrary snootiness, violent nose-fingering, and sneering catcalls, I must have misunderstood the meaning of these superdiagnostical terms. They are lines that might fittingly have been exhibited in the "Americana" department of the paper in which they appeared. Apart from the childish chauvinism of such a view of the relation between English and American literature, the assumption that the English "market" is a "negligible" one is ridiculously inept. Why, an English publisher's desk is littered all the year round with ardent wooings from American writers and their agents, eager to proffer their wares in our poor, poky, provincial market-place. Do they do it just for fun? Just for the kudos? And with the dead certainty of nothing but hoots and grins and crookedness from the whole tribe of English critics, barring of couse the hard-worked Messrs. Walpole, Ervine and Priestley?

No, this is not good enough. Your attitude here, my dear Mr. Nathan, seems to me as choice a piece of money-bagged boastfulness and brow-beating as ever a man of letters showed to his confrères. And it would be useless to underline it. We shall just let it stand.

You have written elsewhere of the "advancing sensitiveness" of the Englishman to criticism from without, and glibly put this down to a "palpable and ominous lack of self-confidence on his part. It might have been best to treat your note with that "elegant species of monocled disdain," of which you speak not without a hint of admiration. But I thought it worth while addressing this open letter to you because I realised the wide circulation of your writings, and because I see no reason why you should be left to raise these hallucinatory bogies quite unchallenged. You knock them down with a bang, and it makes a good enough show. But quite a number of people may think that they are real flesh and blood, and dangerous, and to be feared. They are not. And I hope that until you can disprove this, and justify your plaints with more facts and fewer fireworks, your elegant sword-brandishing will fail to impress those of your country who care for the amenities of literary intercourse.

But remember, I shall always be curious about that "Salisbury."

I am,
My Dear Mr. Nathan,
Your obliged reader,
HAMISH MILES.

London.

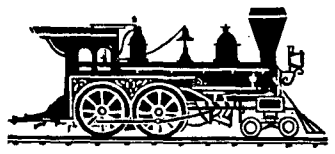
BRIGHTER FRENCH
BY H. T. R.
HOW TO WISE-CRACK IN PARIS
2.00
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

SALVAGE ALL
By GRACE JONES MORGAN

A DRAMATIC tale of the seacoast of Vancouver. From the time when Tisana, the little street singer, first appears upon the scene until the close outlining the first few passionate years of her turbulent existence, scenes of poignant realism follow as clear-cut as cameos.

$2.00
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE 13TH LOVER
by MAURICE DEKOBRA 2.50
AUTHOR OF THE MADONNA OF THE SLEEPING CARS
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD



THE EMPIRE BUILDER
By OSCAR M. SULLIVAN

A brilliant dramatic narrative based on the career of James J. Hill and his part in the opening of the great Northwest

At All Bookstores, $2.50

THE CENTURY CO., *Publishers*

FRANCE IS FULL OF FRENCHMEN
by LEWIS GALANTIERE
2.00
Tremendous exposé by Hon. Peab Wise of how the French live and will not learn.
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

PRACTICAL PEN DRAWING. By *E. G. Lutz.* Scribner's. 1928. $2.

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS IN PETTO. By the *Rev. Montague Summers.* London: The Fortune Press. 15s.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR JOHN DENHAM. Edited with notes and introductions by *Theodore Howard Banks, Jr.* Yale Press. 1928. $5.

TA HIO. THE GREAT LEARNING. By *Ezra Pound.* Seattle: University of Washington Book Store.

GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL. By *François Rabelais.* Dodd, Mead. $12.50.

THE ENGLISH ROGUE. By *Richard Head* and *Francis Kirkman.* Dodd, Mead. $6.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By *Albert Caplan.* Phila: The Head of Scott Press.

Biography

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MARSHAL, THE DUKE OF RICHELIEU. Translated by F. S. FLINT. Brentano's. New York.

The Duke de Richelieu was son of the famous Cardinal's great-nephew and heir. Beginning life as a young and inexperienced courtier during the latter part of the reign of Louis XV., he became, in time, an experienced and successful beau. Later, however, he gained a fair reputation in the French wars with the British and this won him the title of Marshal. His personal reputation, however, earned him the distrust even of Louis XV. and the hearty dislike of the royal pair who succeeded that monarch. Consequently, Richelieu was never, for more than a moment, a real national figure, and his greatest claim to distinction lay in his ability to win rapidly the hearts of virtuous bourgeoises and easy duchesses, and, as quickly, to cast them aside. To this statement, there is only one exception.

These fragmentary memoirs, for they are written in the first person singular, have certain rather dubious reasons for their publication in a popular form. In the first place, there is some doubt as to their authenticity, and, in this age of jaded curiosity, anything that smacks of mystery is in demand. Another reason that is urged on their behalf is the fact that they served as fodder to feed the cannon that the "liberal Pamphleteers" of the revolution employed to discredit the *Ancien Régime.* Frankly, the Pamphlets themselves are much more exciting reading, and, from one point of view, far more important. In reality, these memoirs contribute nothing new. We have been told and told again *ad nauseam* that the French Court of Louis XV. was filthy in more ways than one. Aside from a few rather mildly interesting sidelights on the last days of Louis XIV. and on the already notorious character of the Regents who followed him, there is nothing of historical importance.

But, today, we are not always after that. So often we declare that we are in search of "things of human interest." Eh bien! Adultery in capital letters is written across the pages of this book. That may attract some readers and console a few surviving mid-Victorians who will discover that, after all, there is a similarity of subject and theme between the present and the eighteenth century. Probably, however, the consolation afforded the mid-Victorians will exceed the pleasure experienced by the sensation hunters. Even those jaded Babbittlike creatures will not find this attractively bound and beautifully printed volume to their taste. It is neither startling nor clever. There is a monotony of intrigue and a stupidity of method followed by this amorously inclined courtier that will bore them before many pages have been read. At least, if one must read such things, let us go back to the days when life was fresh and instincts were sharp. From the point of view of *amours,* the Renaissance is a spring of rippling, laughing water, and the eighteenth century, in France, at least, a small stagnant pool covered with the thick and gummy scum of the two hundred years of decline that intervened.

THE TRANSPLANTING: A Narative from the Letters of Marie Balascheff, a Russian Refugee in France. Edited by Martha Genung Stearns. Macmillan. 1928.

Here is an interesting and a charming book. Madame Balascheff before her marriage was Princess Cantacuzene, daughter of the Russian Ambassador to this country during the Cleveland administration. One of the most attractive things about this narrative made from her correspondence is the way her character emerges from it, strong, brave, many-sided, with a joy in life and a sense of beauty which nothing can veil for long.

She takes up her tale after her family are all safely out of Russia earning their living in various parts of Europe. She began by teaching languages at Lille, then took her eldest son, who was recovering from wounds and illness, to the fishing village of Le Crotoy for the summer holidays. There the relief from the sordidness of crowded poverty in cities and a sudden nostalgia for a home of their own determined them before autumn to spend the little money left them on the purchase of a single hectare of land, which, they were told was an amount sufficient, if well cultivated without hired labor, to keep a peasant family in decent living. On this farm the family reunited to work out their salvation together. They lived and they learned simultaneously, and the way they won through to success, provides a fascinating chronicle. Washington and the Clevelands, England and Queen Victoria, Russia and two Czars, figure in the pages very human. There is city life and country life in two hemispheres before the revolution and the transplanting.

LAFAYETTE. By *Joseph Delteil.* Minton, Balch. $3.50.

LOUIS XIV KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. By *C. S. Forester.* Dodd, Mead. $4.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD. By *Count Egon Caesar Corti.* New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corp. $5.

Drama

MR. PROHACK. A Comedy in Three Acts. By *Arnold Bennett* and *Edward Knoblock.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.

MEN OF ANDOVER. By *Claude Moore Fuess.* New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.

Education

THE UNIQUE CHARACTER OF AMERICAN SECONDARY EDUCATION. By *Charles Hubbard Judd.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Fiction

SO MUCH GOOD. By GILBERT FRANKAU. Harpers. 1928.

Reading "So Much Good" plays queer tricks with time. It is so much like the novels of Frank Danby in many ways that it is a surprise to consider that her son is the author, and in other ways Frankau's methods are so different from those used in "Pigs in Clover," for instance, that it seems as if more than a generation must have separated the two authors. For likeness, there is the preoccupation with the problems of love viewed from the woman's standpoint, showing woman in her relations with man as his superior in understanding, willingness to sacrifice, and fidelity. A very marked difference is apparent in the causes which bring the heroines to their situations beyond the pale of the conventionalities. The Danby women shrink behind incident and accident and are forced, helpless, by circumstances. Margery Nolan of "So Much Good" walks open-eyed through the social hedges. And, though Frank Danby in her day was considered dangerously realistic in her treatment of life and love, her son comes after much pioneering work along this line and can with safety go to lengths that would have caused a furore twenty-five years ago.

"So Much Good" is the book of Margery Nolan, an Australian, a tobacconist's daughter, and a personality of frank magnetism. The path she follows is neither very straight nor very narrow, but she maintains an honesty with herself which prevents her story from becoming merely the record of a dame galante. Her first lover she sacrifices for his good. Her husband she leaves to go to a second lover. She loses him through death and yet life runs on a long time for Margery and brings her to strange ends in New York. This novel "in a manner" has a sort of hail-fellow-well-met air about it which seems to say that the characters have been allowed to follow out their destiny without interference—in reality they jump very neatly through the author's hoops and sit up when he snaps his fingers.

THE COWARD. By NEAL WAINWRIGHT. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1928. $2.

In the sensual vein of a Remy de Gourmont, or the Stendhal of "D'Amour," Mr.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Biography of an American Genius

Three years before Fulton's venture with the *Clermont,* John Stevens sailed the first successful steam vessel up the Hudson River—

—And equipped his craft with *twin-screw propellers*—thirty years before Ericsson "invented" the device.

—In 1806 John Stevens completed practical plans for a vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River—more than a century before the dream was realized in our own times.

This little-known figure, John Stevens, was an American genius and his achievements were many. The full story of his remarkable life is told for the first time in this new biography—

JOHN STEVENS

AN AMERICAN RECORD

BY ARCHIBALD D. TURNBULL

AT ALL BOOKSTORES **ILLUSTRATED, $5.00**

THE CENTURY CO., ***Publishers of Enduring Books***

Houghton Mifflin Company announces

The Selected Poems of Amy Lowell

The author of "The Road to Xanadu," who has long been an authority on Amy Lowell's poetry, has collected all that is most colorful and most distinctive from her varied genius. His book not only gives ready access to Amy Lowell's most enduring work, but it is in itself a vital and thoroughly enjoyable volume. $3.00

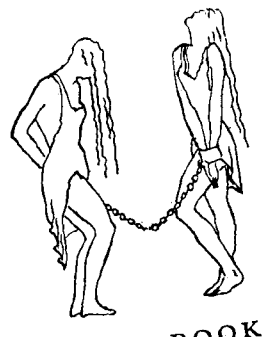
Edited by

John Livingston Lowes

The White Slave Traffic between France and The Argentine

The Road to Buenos Ayres

by ALBERT LONDRES



Albert Londres became a member of "The Center", the ring that controls the international white slave traffic. All the way down from the respected "magnates" of this terrible traffic to the women themselves (some of whom earned as much as $45,000 a year for their "managers"), he made a personal study. Every statement is based on direct experience. His book confirms the suppressed League of Nations' report. It has made a sensation in France.

$2.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

BONI & LIVERIGHT N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRIBNERS

The Stream of History

by Geoffrey Parsons

A history of the world from its beginning to the present day. Told with vividness, clarity, utter impartiality, and in a style that excites and thrills. *With pictorial decorations by James Daugherty.* $5.00

The Restless Pacific
by Nicholas Roosevelt
America, Great Britain, and Japan—their problems and destinies in Eastern Asia. $3.00

Beliefs That Matter
by William Adams Brown, D.D., Ph.D.
What one modern Christian believes may be a practicable faith for men and women of to-day. $2.75

What Am I?
by Edward G. Spaulding
An invigorating effort to define man to himself and give him his bearings in a mysterious universe. $2.00

Tennis
by Helen Wills
America's champion woman player writes an instructive and fascinating book about the game and its stars. *Illustrated by the author.* $2.50

Leading Fiction

The Torches Flare
by Stark Young
A brilliant novel of the New York theatre and of life on a placid Southern plantation. $2.50

Ambition **by Arthur Train**
Fifth printing. $2.50

Queer Street
by John Wiley $2.00

They Could Not Sleep
by Struthers Burt $2.00

The Black Cap
New stories of Murder and Mystery compiled by
Cynthia Asquith $2.00

Blind Man's Buff
by Francis Lynde $2.00

at all bookstores
Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

ADVERTISEMENT

WORDS AND POETRY
BY GEORGE H RYLANDS
FELLOW KING'S COLLEGE • CAMBRIDGE
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LYTTON STRACHEY
THE POETIC VALUES OF ENGLISH WORDS
3.00

BLAKE'S BOOK OF THEL
AN EXACT REPLICA IN FULL COLOUR OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM • • •
6.00

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD
6 EAST 53 ST • NEW YORK

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Wainwright has made what appears to be a sincere effort at being profound. Unfortunately profundity cannot be forced; like culture, it is the result of deep resources, not a sudden spurt of enthusiastic effort. Mr. Wainwright, by drawing two spontaneous characters into an exotic passion, synthesising this passion and silhouetting it against various cosmopolitan backgrounds, has aimed at a stirring exposition of the anatomy and physiology of love.

"The Coward," or hero, of this romance is a handsome drunkard who is found in his cups at Barbizon by a very unusual lady. Thereafter, this ecstatic Earth-Mother stands in the same relation to our hero, though not so Platonic, as the scintillating duchess stands to Fabrizio in "La Chartreuse." In the end, the drunkard rides the water wagon, and writing a book, redeems himself. He thus earns the right to stand straight and proudly before the woman he loves . . . . were she not already married and experimenting in new sensations.

The book is redundant with the sort of Bohemian material which made such profitable meat for Michael Arlen. And for this, if for no other reason, it is destined to go a long way. It has limitless potentialities for supplying the Hearst and MacFadden readers with a little-needed aphrodisiac, for replacing Elinor Glyn in the hearts of America's sex-starved youth.

Mr. Wainwright's ideas are not sparse. He has numberless things to say about love, and society, and intoxication . . . . all of which, in themselves, have a certain novel value. Had his book less of a conscious striving for sensuous effects and fewer stilted conceits, it would rank along the "Blind Bow Boy" level. As it is, its flamboyant mannerisms, its excessive alliteration, and its "ticking, clicking, dotting, dashing Western Union" sort of atrocities effect a considerable discount.

AMBITION. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribners. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Train risks affronting the conventions by setting parts of his newest novel in Boston, without yielding to either necessity of the literary attitude, the faded one of the Village or the renovated one of Upton Sinclair. His heterodoxy extends to finding the civilization of the Back Bay in some respects still superior. That won't do at all, of course, and happily "Ambition" has faults enough to point the moral.

The faults are the familiar ones of Mr. Train's quality. Swift, superficially general characterizations with a momentary conviction make for good reading, but do not get very far toward reality. A hasty acceptance of well-smoothed devices achieves what is known as plot and keeps the story moving, but forbids any genuine exposition of life. Rapid competence of style suffices to make the way smooth but inhibits distinguished writing. The adjectives describe this novel of Mr. Train's and nearly all the rest of his work: swift, hasty, smooth, competent, superficially convincing. They may also indicate why his achievement in fiction has never equaled his endowment for it. That endowment is really immense: a life of action which makes the scope of most novelists seem valetudinarian, a knowledge of financiers, sportsmen, and wealthy women (the characters, remember, of seven-tenths of our fiction) which is real and not the grotesque fancy that gets into many good novels, a cosmopolitanism that has not been acquired during a single autumn in Montmartre, and genuine subtlety of what, for want of a stricter word, must be called culture. And yet out of all this comes only competence.

"Ambition" tells the story of Simon Kent. He is a Bostonian born to a tradition of liberal thought. After Harvard and the Harvard Law School he goes to New York and enlists with a law-factory, very distressingly model. This firm, several characters, and perhaps some incidents have keys, for it appears that Mr. Train is writing a tract as well as a novel, but the lay reader cannot identify them. Simon marries a climber, is rushed remorselessly on through a career that accomplishes more in a half-dozen years than one would think possible in twenty, and finally declares, against the law-factory, for righteousness. He thereupon resigns from the firm, is divorced by his wife, and delivers himself, spiritually cleansed, to a nicer girl. Just why the attainment of a wealthy virgin, after deliverance from a wife who was not originally quite that, should be confused with honor in the law is left unexplained. One wonders which is means and which is end.

The novel as a whole is only competent. It is good reading and no more. And yet—the first seventy pages, Simon's boyhood and youth, are far finer stuff. The Boston of thirty-odd years ago really lives in them, and in that Boston Simon Kent really lives. This part of the book, done almost perfunctorily as a necessary prelude to a story that is only ordinary, is genuine art. One would find no fault with Mr. Train if he would only do a book on that level throughout. All it takes is leisure: for some reason the only price Mr. Train is unwilling to pay

SEA LEGS. By ALFRED F. LOOMIS. Appleton. 1927. $2.00.

WHEN the boys, Thad Putnam and Chuck Williams swim out to the yacht *Cygnet*, as pretty a yawl as ever dragged her anchor and veered cable, and save her from the rocks off Litch Haven, doing it all by luck rather than by knowledge, you still have to admire their spirit. So the *Cygnet*, saved under the eyes of her owner, Mr. Manson, a well-to-do bachelor, and duly grateful to the boys, starts us with a fair wind on as neatly spliced a sea yarn as you would want to find.

Alfred Loomis knows his yawl, and his boys, and he does a perfectly charming story of the adventures of Thad and Chuck under the tutelage of Jem Adams, an old square rigged sailor in semi-retirement at Litch Haven. Jem is the word and the law and the example of everything that is shipshape and Bristol fashion, and he is full of the great tradition of the sea.

My boys, twelve and fourteen, both sailors of a sort, having cruised with me off soundings and twice across the Atlantic, rode the pages of Sea Legs before I could get hold of it to examine its lading. "That's a bully book, dad," was the verdict.

Mr. Loomis has gone a step or so beyond making a story that will appeal to boys. It is really an excellent guide in the fascinating sport of sailing like a sailor, and of doing things on board ship in a seamanlike and effective way. The older yachtsman may find in its pages a great deal of very valuable information. Seamanship and navigation are best gained by experience, but here the fictional experience makes the reading vivid and impressive.

Sea Legs is a mighty good book.

PEASANTS. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Even without the copyright notices, these short stories would betray the fact that they were written for magazines. They have the mark of *Collier's*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and the *Pictorial Review*. As commercial magazine stories they are good; as attempts at literature they nearly all fall short of their mark. They lack the freshness, the rude strength, the originality of Mr. Bercovici at his best. Yet this collection of tales does have one virtue—it possesses far more unity than such sheafs usually have, and the cumulative effect of a succession of stories treating the same class of people in different countries is considerable. They are one and all stories of peasants; of workers on the land in France, Roumania, Sicily, Spain, and for good measure, Dakota. Mr. Bercovici is at his simplest and truest, and therefore by all odds the most satisfactory, when he is describing the shepherds, the woodsmen, and the farmer of his own Roumanian plains and mountains. Such a story as "The Master," a tale of a perverse dog, a Tartar girl, and the people of a Dobrudjan village, does leave behind the mere magazine effects achieved in most of the others, and enter within the bounds of literature; it is a poetic and yet realistic picture of a life that is both idyllic and strange.

SPRING TIDE. By *Octavus Roy Cohen*. Appleton. 1928. $2.

THE SINGLE STANDARD. By *Adela Rogers*, St. John, N. Y. Cosmopolitan. 1928. $2.

DARK PRINCESS. By *U. E. B. Du Bois*. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.

THE MYSTERY OF UNCLE BOLLARD. By *H. de Vere Stacpoole*. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

MYSTERY RANGE. By *Charles Alden Seltzer*. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

TRUB'S DIARY. By *John Taintor Foote*. Appleton. 1928. $2.

ME & HENRY & THE ARTILLERY. By *William Hazlett Upson*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE SPLENDID CALIFORNIANS. By *Sidney Herschell Small*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF A HUSBAND. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

THE NORNS ARE SPINNING. By *Andreas Hankland*. Translated from the Norwegian by *Barent Ten Eyck*. N. Y.: Macy-Masius. $2.50.

Collector's Choice

By John T. Winterich

In A PRIMER OF BOOK COLLECTING, Mr. Winterich succeeded in writing a manual calculated to guide the beginner's book collecting instincts without influencing his collecting tastes. Of this book A. Edward Newton said: "*It is an invaluable little book for any one who is beginning to play this book collecting game. It has my unqualified indorsement.*"

In COLLECTOR'S CHOICE, the author presupposes on the part of the reader only the will to collect books and no necessary fund of expert knowledge on how to go about it. He discusses the problems in which the collector must exercise a choice or make his own decision — as in the question of condition, of issues, of completeness, and so on. Joyously indeed does Mr. Winterich present the satisfaction which the collector derives from his discoveries. "There isn't a dull line in it," said the *Boston Transcript* of the *Primer*. Neither is there in *Collector's Choice*. It is a useful and entertaining book about books—a veritable treasure map for the collector. [$2.50]

Greenberg · Publisher
112 East 19th Street New York

KARIN'S MOTHER
MARGARET GOLDSMITH
2.00
A FRANK NOVEL OF YOUTH AND LIFE IN POST-WAR BERLIN
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

This New Book *will teach you* **Period Styles** *in Furniture*

"Furniture," a concise, authentic, easy-to-read book on period styles contains a veritable mine of information concerning all period styles, famous designers, history, etc. Contains 156 pages, 30 chapters with chronological table and glossary, and more than 250 beautiful half-tone plates and marginal illustrations. Will help you to identify period styles and decorative motifs in a short time. Handsomely bound. An addition to any library. Nothing like it ever produced at less than double the cost. Thousands sold to libraries and schools, designers, architects, decorators, furniture lovers, etc. Every home lover should have a copy of this volume, which has been produced by one of America's premier furniture manufacturers. Sent postpaid for $1.00. *Order now.*

Century Furniture Co.
66-D Logan St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CENTURY GRAND RAPIDS

EN GARDE!
BY SAMUEL MORSE
LOVE • INTRIGUE AND THRILLING SWORDPLAY IN THE DAYS OF MAZARIN
2.50
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

The Crime Club

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Some time ago you offered me, among other booksellers, a chance to express a point of view about books from the angle of our profession. It was a good chance and I regret that I have been so occupied with the immediate problem of inducing people to buy books that opportunities of this kind have had to be lost.

Both Chris Morley and Benét on the detective story in the *Saturday Review* of recent dates, have neglected to say why such a strange assortment of people belong to "The Crime Club." It would be fun to have the psychoanalysts and the psychologists report on the qualities of character common to the strange band of individuals who seek to have their brains completely side-tracked by a parody on crime. When you group Woodrow Wilson, Amy Lowell, Lord Balfour, Professor Kittredge of Harvard, and a host of other people whose occupations necessitate use of the brain, the proposition seems rather fascinating. But, on second thought, psychoanalysts seem to find plenty to do without entering the detective story field, which after all is a playground.

I, and other addicts, recognize, of course, that detective and mystery stories are in a class by themselves—in somewhat the same way as the dime novel. The thing to achieve is mechanical perfection, and if there is a fair amount of success the final click of someone "getting his" results in complete satisfaction. Reality has little if anything to do with the reader's complete removal from the realm of ordinary day or night, and his intense preoccupation with the book in hand and the problem in mind.

As to style and fashion, I have wondered why some genius did not decide to put a bit of reality into the accepted pattern—adorn a character or two with so many human attributes that it would come to life. But the whole point is that if the story is real and taken from court records, it becomes Tragedy—the fun has gone and instead of a hilarious state of tension, complete demoralizing depression results. It takes an artist's nice discrimination to avoid the pitfalls of reality, and to rise to heights where the reader never realizes that he is perusing parody, but is transported to a familiar realm all his own—happy, terrifying, exciting, bloody, a world of misunderstanding, turmoil, intrigue, selfishness, a stage on which the actors strut in and out of mock tragedy, in parts that correspond to human records on police blotters and in newspaper headlines the world over. But—everybody always "gets his!" Otherwise we would be a perfectly undesirable group of citizens.

By the way, there are no stereotyped methods in "THE OLD DARK HOUSE," by Priestley, the master of the light essay, who turns his original mind to wind, rain, dark and a household who little expected wet travelers to seek a haven in their eerie midst. And "THE GREEN MURDER CASE," by Van Dine, has caused me more excitement than any detective story since the days of Sherlock Holmes.

MARION ELZA DODD.
The Hampshire Bookshop.

Apropos of Beard

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

When a great work prepared by specialists is received with almost unanimous praise, it becomes one who is not a specialist to tread softly. Detailed criticism requires thorough scholarship and prolonged examination. No review of Professor Beard's volumes that I have seen has revealed such study. Many of them lead one to think that the reviewers could qualify for their task under the statement sometimes credited to Sydney Smith that "he disliked to read a book before reviewing it for fear he would be prejudiced." Considerable of the reviewing that comes under my eye reads like this, or else is a somewhat "jazzy" repetition of the publishers' announcement.

Certainly Professor Beard's work is easy and delightful reading, so much so that it suggests sometimes a doubt as to the validity of its conclusions. Not that a dull literary style would confirm either the facts or the conclusions, but a certain free and easy jauntiness of style raises the suspicion that the writers have only scratched the surface.

The volumes seem to be without plan or order or goal, and they give the impression that this is also true of our civilization. A mass of facts have been assembled, but not always mastered, nor has their bearing always been discerned upon the progress of the country. Here is wide knowledge but little wisdom. It appears that "The Rise of American Civilization" is just as lacking in plan and goal as is this history of it. One is led to wonder how our Nation evolved at all.

Again, the general impression is that religion has had little to do, at least that was worth while, with our Civilization. Rather it has stood in the way of our normal development; its spokesmen have been narrow and unsympathetic with human progress, and it has been so divided into warring sects and groups that its influence has been practically nil, or worse, harmful. Of course this attitude is not found expressed in words, and there is much about religion in the volumes, but there is no clear cut, definite statement, for example, or two great facts in our country's history; first, that religion lies at the very foundation of our national life. With all their faults and misunderstandings of the Christian faith, the Pilgrims and the Puritans, the Dutch and the Germans, the Huguenots and the Quakers, the Scotch-Irish and the Cavaliers, were religious folk and built their state upon a religious foundation and put into its whole subsequent growth a positive, controlling religious content.

There is a meager and imperfect treatment of the "Great Awakening" of the eighteenth century. It is enough to say here, that this religious "Awakening" probably did as much, if not more, to prepare the Colonies for Independence and to act with even the little unity manifested through the long and weary struggle than any other single force. But no one would learn this from these volumes.

This failure to appreciate the deeper meaning of religion in the life of the Nation runs through the whole treatise. It is treated with a certain condescension, as if it did not touch the deepest springs of national life, and was not one of the chief forces, as great or greater than political and economic forces, that, for good or ill, has determined the "Rise of American Civilization."

To conclude, while there is much of value here, while I have read with intense interest these pages, I lay aside the volumes without any clear vision of the "Rise of American Civilization." This may be partly due to the reader, but I am quite sure that it is also partly due to the writers who did not have it either. They were mastered by their task, rather than being its masters. They have given us a valuable informing work, but they have not given a final nor wholly satisfactory history of our national development.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
Geneva, N. Y.

A Curious Item

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Perhaps you will be interested in a curious item I have found in the Harvard stacks. Surely many strange forms wander among the camp-followers of literature.

In 1740 there appeared "The Oddity: A Poem. Of near 250 Lines in One Continued Rhyme. Being a Letter from a Sailor to his Sweetheart." Thirty-six years later it was enlarged into "The Oddity, An Humourous Poem, Being a Love Letter from a Grub-street Poet to his Sweet-heart; Consisting of no less than Four Hundred Lines, in one continued Rhyme, all ending in ation; in which, only one Word is used twice throughout the whole Poem, and even that, in two different senses. By Tantarabolus, Great Grandson to Perriwigdum Funnidos." This expanded version has a dedication "To Britannia," dated "New-Year's Day, One Thousand, Seven Hundred and FAST ASLEEP, a six-page preface, and at least one interesting allusion:

He is puzzled most strangely at the American Taxation,
As likewise their stoppage of Non-Importation.

In this *tour de force* the lines are very rough and the love message (signed Frank Hopewell) is subordinated to a "long Declamation, In my Friend's Commendation," but the four hundred rimes on -ation are there. Shall we regard "The Oddity" as a sort of retaliation on an age that had an inclination for identity in termination?

RICHMOND P. BOND.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HARPER HB BOOKS

THE ISLAND WITHIN
By Ludwig Lewisohn
"Marks a milestone in American books." — *Harry Hansen.*
"The tale of a Jew, manfully, tragically, withal triumphantly, facing his innermost problem—that of belonging to himself, instead of being possessed by the world."—*Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.* $2.50

Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun
By Roark Bradford
"A collection of negro biblical interpretations . . . vastly amusing . . . as unique as the Uncle Remus animal tales. . . . Mr. Bradford's book belongs in the same category with 'Uncle Remus'."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

HENRY HUDSON

By Llewelyn Powys
A double drama, the adventure of a man, a hero, and the adventure of two criss-crossing worlds—surely a theme to drive Dumas mad and make Jules Verne sigh at the impotence of his imagination. Llewelyn Powys has turned the trick."—*N. Y. Times.* $4.00

HOME TO HARLEM
By Claude McKay

A negro's own story of nigger heaven. "It is hard to convey to the reader the impression this novel leaves upon the mind, just as it is hard to convey the impression that a blues-song leaves upon the mind."—*Burton Rascoe.* $2.50

BLACK MAJESTY
By John W. Vandercook
"A gorgeous tale, a historical romance or a biological romance, as you choose, as exciting as 'Quentin Durward,' as beautifully written as 'Ariel.' By all means read it."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.* $2.50

PATROL
By Philip MacDonald
"To me more inspiring than anything in 'The Big Parade' or 'What Price Glory'."—*William McFee.* $2.00

To Kiss the Crocodile
By Ernest Milton
The story of a boy sent from the shelter of Canterbury into a world where he is a misfit and the victim of other misfits, of men and women who have no place in the ordered world they were sent to move in. Sophistication combined with exotic beauty. $2.50

Shipwreck in Europe
By Josef Bard
A strange and individual novel of a rich and world-weary young American who goes to Vienna to try psycho-analysis. "Profound, but at the same time dexterous. Not only distinguished but wholly unforeseen," says Louis Untermeyer. $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS -:- New York, N. Y.

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES

The story of Doll Bilby, a foundling child of old Salem, who took, as she believed, a fiend to love, daring, for his sake, the wrath of God and the vengeance of man; and of how she was rumored to have bewitched Black Ahab, the giant Bull, and to have been visited by the Prince of Darkness in the shape of a great cat; and of how she was accused of witchcraft; seized, and brought to trial; and of the strange events that followed.

ESTHER FORBES
AUTHOR OF
O GENTEEL LADY

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. *Woodcuts by Gibbings,* $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An ingeniously fantastic tale." St. Louis Post Dispatch.

GREEN FIRE by John Taine **$2.00**

It prophesies—in the year 1990 all the electrical forces of the Universe may be at man's command!

It threatens—will man's cosmic weapons turn in his hands and avenge his presumption?

It is thrilling—though science advances man is still moved by hate and love to his triumph or destruction.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVIDSON

Competition No. 29. Mr. Mencken's April Americana reports that Mr. Billy Sunday has announced an intention to have himself skinned after death, the skin to furnish a drum for use in street Revival Parades throughout the United States. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the poem most nearly resembling what Mr. Vachel Lindsay might write on hearing such a drum beaten in Springfield, Illinois. (Entries, which may be fragmentary, but must not exceed forty lines of verse, should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 7.)

Competition No. 30. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best brief inscription, preferably but not necessarily in verse, for a Memorial to President Wilson at Geneva. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 14.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best parody "If Swinburne had written "The Man with the Hoe" is awarded to E. A. Markburne, who is requested to furnish the Editor his name and address.

IF SWINBURNE HAD WRITTEN "THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

Yea, with toiling downbent
He beholds but the sod;
Brute-browed and forspent,
Growing kin to the clod,
For his body is plundered of pleasure,
his soul become barren of God.

He hath delved, he hath deadened
In thralldom his thought;
Long labor hath leadened
Lithe limbs unto naught;
For his eyesight no sunrise is reddened, no sweet starry symbols are wrought.

Who hath muted his heart?
Who hath stricken his brain,
And enchained him apart
From swift passion and pain?
Who hath darkened the dawn of his dreaming, his spirit hath smitten and slain?

Who shall lift up his face
From the doom and the dearth,
With a guerdon of grace
Meet to brighten new birth?
He is broken, the toiler is broken, enslaved with encumbrance of earth.

Whom the high gods had made,
Framing fluctuant fire,
Is befouled and betrayed
Beyond grief or desire;
Lament, for a brother is broken, and cry, for the end shall be dire!

Lo, unhappy are ye
Who have shapen his dower!
What wild harvest shall be
In that death-stricken hour
When the high gods avenge in red ruin the reign of your miscreant power!

E. A. MARKBURNE.

It was more than normally difficult to decide between the best entries this week. Homer M. Parsons (who always puts up a tough fight) and R. Desha Lucas, like the majority of the competitors, chose to parody the Swinburne of "Poems and Ballads." Both wrote well: but E. A. Markburne remembered the likelier mood and the manner of "Songs Before Sunrise" in some stanzas modelled on "Hertha," and these, though rather more serious than the occasion demanded and insufficiently marked by Swinburne's weaker peculiarities, on the whole deserve the award. David Heathestone, attempting one of the poet's most protracted metres, lost his breath at the start only to regain it in the middle of the course.

From the bed of his birth to his grave he is bowed by the weight of the rod,
Disinherited, plundered, profaned, who was made to the glory of God;
To trace out the courses of planets that soar through their heavenly way:
To rise with a song and rejoice in the virginal birth of the day,
When her maiden mouth is alight with the flame of musical speech,
And his eyes new-born of the night see yet no power out of reach.
Let the heart of the rulers be sick: let the high priest cover his face
For the thing they have given to God, this mortal whose soul they debase.

The parodies by Homer M. Parsons and R. Desha Lucas must be printed in full.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE
By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I

Weary he stands with the weight of years,
Heavily hanging upon his hoe;
With dull eyes empty of hopes and fears,
And back bent double with worlds of woe.
Who slanted his forehead and robbed his brain
Of the wraiths of rapture and whirls of pain?
And robbed his soul of the sweet sad tears
And the luscious laughter the Maenads know?

Over this Lout did the Lord God fashion
Bowers of blossom and fanes of fruit?
What does he know of delights Parnassian;
The flight of the nymph, and the fawn's pursuit;
And the gushing grape, and ivy that falls
Down from the breasts of the Bacchanals?
Oh, it was cruel to curb his passion
And give him the heart of a gelded brute!

Masters of men, when the graves are riven
And wingéd ghosts to the Throne repair,
What shall be said, what answer given
When this dumb Terror shall face you there?
How shall you stand there, dismally dumber,
With hands that tremble, and feet that cumber!
Bent like a reed by the high winds driven,
To fall from heaven to hell's despair!

HOMER M. PARSONS.

II

TOUJOURS VIEL CINGE EST DESPLAISANT.

O'er a soil you infer is infertile—
Shorn of lust and of laughter and bleak—
Forsaking the rose and the myrtle
For the sake of the legume and leek,
Sags a figure with virtue afflicted
That squalidly, stolidly stands,
By a dolt of a dauber depicted,
With a hoe in his hands.

From the hoe to the hose of Dolores
Let us turn for unrighteous relief;
Ah, the pang in thy transports, Amores,
As the flash of the lightening is brief.
On her lithe limbs, lascivious, lingers
The gaze of one fain to transgress
And the silk men caress with their fingers
Returns the caress.

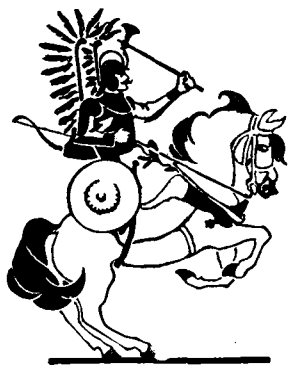
But these fingers are calloused with planting,
With hoeing and harvesting crops;
That the gay ones may go gallivanting,
He must toil till he drearily drops.
Though his plight may perhaps be pathetic
Ere the hoe and the hoer we take,
Let us flaunt, as a subject poetic,
The trull and the rake.

R. DESHA LUCAS.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.) 1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competition Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. ALL MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The Spawning Ground of Future Wars



Eastern Europe, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, is the spawning ground of future wars, says Colonel Powell in this brilliant new book. EMBATTLED BORDERS is the result of his many months of travel and study in these still unsettled countries. He has talked with their rulers and political leaders, listened to their problems, their grievances and their aspirations. In this book he gives you the truest and most arresting picture of Central Europe today.

EMBATTLED BORDERS

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of

***The Map That is Half Unrolled, In Barbary*, etc.**

AT ALL BOOKSTORES, Illustrated, $3.50 THE CENTURY CO.

The Dutton Book of the Month for May

By
Gerard Hopkins

THE FRIEND OF ANTAEUS

Evadne, "the unfortunate woman," Magdalene who shunned reality, and Ian Wace, simple and beautiful in his devotion and search for strength—their turbulent love story is seen in sharp relief through the eyes of subtle, intuitive Glenner Passingham. The artistry of this book is most unusual. $2.50

To obtain the Dutton Book of the Month simply go into the nearest bookshop and ask for a copy.

For your convenience mail to your bookseller or to E. P. Dutton & Company the attached coupon.

E. P. Dutton & Company, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
☐ *Please send me your Book of the Month for May. (Check enclosed) $2.50.*
☐ *Please send and bill me each Book of the Month as published.*
☐ *Please send me each month your circular describing the Dutton Book of the Month.*

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

E. K. S., Glenside, Pa., finds in Maurois's "Disraeli" reference to Richard Lalor Shiel, and asks if there is more to be read about him than the long article in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

I DO not know how easy it may be to lay hold of these books about the famous Irish member, O'Connell's lieutenant, whose opportune meeting with Disraeli, just after his noisy reception by the House, enlightened the debutant as to his real situation and, according to Maurois, "flooded his future with light." But it should not be difficult to come upon, in any large collection of old prompt-books, his plays, "Adelaide: or, the Emigrants," "The Apostate," "Bellamira," "Damon and Pythias" and the long-popular "Evadne"—though for that matter all these plays held the stage for a considerable time. His "Speeches" were published by Bohn in 1853, with a memoir, and the "Memoirs of the Rt. Hon. R. L. Shiel," W. Torrens McCullough, by Hurst and Blackett in 1855. His speech in the case of the Queen vs. Daniel O'Connell will be in any large law library, in the "State Trials of Ireland," and quite possibly "Sketches of the Irish Bar," published by Redfield, New York, in two volumes in 1854, with a memoir by R. S. Mackenzie, may still be found in the same sort of collection.

The same inquirer asks for a good general history of Ireland with collateral reading: he has St. John Ervine's "Parnell" (Little).

FRANCIS HACKETT'S "Story of the Irish Nation" (Century) is not only fascinating reading but an admirable introduction, for an American interested in present-day foreign affairs, to the background of Ireland's past. I still think this, though the last time I advised it two correspondents called me sharply to account for doing so: as they objected on exactly opposite grounds, I considered that they cancelled out. I see, however, that the American Library Association advises it too. Stephen Gwynne's "History of Ireland" (Macmillan) is a non-partisan, scholarly record from legendary times to the foundation of the Irish Free State. His "Ireland" (Scribner) is one of the series of present-day surveys with a preliminary sweep of the past, called "The Modern World," to which I have often directed your attention. Robert Lynd's "Ireland a Nation" (Dodd) is not only a nationalist's statement but a presentation of certain famous modern Irish personalities and a brief survey of Irish literature. No list like this could leave out the noble work of George Russell, "AE," "The National Being" (Macmillan), which looks to the future with serenity born of friendliness with the eternal: nor would I willingly lose his "The Interpreters" (Macmillan), in which a group of revolutionaries and others talk out their dreams, facing death while Dublin burns. I find in St. John Ervine's best novel, "Changing Winds" (Macmillan), political sidelights by no means to be undervalued. I never yet printed a list on Ireland that someone did not object to something on it, so perhaps volunteer additions to this list may later appear.

N. S. C., Seattle, Washington, asks for books useful to a teacher of Personality to a large club of girls, one already provided with Valentine's "Psychology of Personality."

ROUND up all the books lately published in which personality is under investigation, and you find the word used in so many different senses that one scarce knows in which direction to start an unknown inquirer. Is it self-confidence that is meant, or individuality? Is it the something that sometimes comes double or comes apart, as in multiplex personality and such doings as delighted Morton Prince, in whose honor A. A. Roback had edited "Problems in Personality" (Harcourt)? Or is it—judging by newspaper ladies' advice to young ladies—the personal asset indicated by Mrs. Glyn as "It"? If a philosopher or a psychologist is concerned in the inquiry, here is "The Moral and Social Significance of the Conception of Personality," by Arthur George Heath (Oxford), or "Personality," by R. G. Gordon, in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method (Harcourt), a stately series rich in great names. But if it be for class-use or for the inspiration of a leader, there is still plenty of material in books. These include "The Psychology of Leadership," by Henry Edward Tralle (Century), which explains some conclusions of reputable psychologists; "Personality in the Making," by Joseph Coffin (Houghton); "Personality and Psychology," by J. W. Buckham (Doran), "The Foundations of Personality," by Abraham Myerson (Little), and one just from Appleton, "The Psychology of Individual Differences," by Robert S. Ellis, explaining why we behave like ourselves. Then there are the manuals of advice on conduct, such as Arnold Bennett's "Self and Self Management" (Doran)—how that man can make people take his word for things! I believe the British reading public buys or takes from lending libraries more books on a suggestion from him in an evening paper than on the combined influence of half the professional critics on the island. And look how the world takes "How to live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" and his other directions on managing their own business. The greatest novelist of his generation and one of its greatest literary artists, he can write about living with the same sort of moral earnestness that Don Marquis long since recognized as the basis of Harold Bell Wright's popularity. But then, it does make a difference what you are morally earnest about.

There are plenty of other books on this order: Keith Thomas's "Personal Power" (Funk), strongly recommended by Andrew Carnegie and still holding its own with the public: "The Conquest of Fear," a useful little book by Basil King (Doubleday), and a practical and conservative book of advice on "Our Unconscious Mind and How to Use It," by Frederick Pierce (Dutton), widely used in families and in teaching. So there seems to be plenty of assistance at hand should you decide to "be yourself."

A. B. N., Bristol, Conn., is willing to send to England, if necessary, to get a copy of a play that has moved me to such expressions of satisfaction as A. P. Herbert's "Double Demon," and caused little theatre groups to thank me so briskly for recommending it.

WHEN I began to shout for this delightful little comedy, it was printed only at the Shakespeare Head, and admirers did have to send for it to England. But since then it has been published by Appleton in the series of British Drama League Plays, in a volume called "Double Demon and other Plays"—at least one of the others, a day in the life of St. Simeon Stylites, being almost as good as the title play. This one, however, calls for more ingenuity in the staging, taking place *sur la branche*, as it were. My interest in these plays is that they make charming reading: I am no authority on stage production; I am told, however, that they act uncommonly well.

I TREASURE the letters that offer, out of genuine gratitude to an author, suggestions to me of books I should know about, in case anyone should ask for them. The kindness of book-lovers in this regard helps to keep up my reputation for knowing all about books. For instance, I like to hear from *G. B., New York*, that a single book of 1927 might be included in several categories: "it should be read by those queer men (and women) who call for books without women: by those who take an interest in the American scene of the past, and by all who love the sea and sailing and exciting ventures. My average of breaths to a chapter was two. This book is "The Book of Gloucester Fishermen," by James B. Connolly. Add this, then, to three lists, and on the advice of *A. L. H., Charlottesville, Va.*, add to the stock of information on "the Russian menace in China," lately asked for, a helpful, clarifying article on this subject by Margaret de Forest Hicks in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* of January, 1927. She was until recently a political expert in the Military Intelligence Division of the U. S. War Department. This magazine is published by the University of Virginia and its contents are on the order of the *Yale Review* or the *North American*; it may be ordered from the University if not found at your bookshop.

H. *P. C., A. and M. College, Mississippi,* has for some years struggled at least twice a month against impulses to help out this department—though, I ask him, why struggle? He almost broke loose with a shout for Somerville and Ross, but when he found that some other person beside himself had twin hobbies of Byzantium and Voodoo, nothing could hold him. He says:

"An English translation of Procopius has just appeared—University of Chicago—and is as invaluable for, say, the Justinian-Theodore period as is Saint-Simon for the great days of Versailles, and in very much the same way. I resemble Shakespeare only with respect to his 'less Greek,' yet I devoured Procopius when in college, and found him well worth the struggle—for struggle it undoubtedly was. There are many interesting sidelights to be gained in various books ostensibly dealing with the Eastern Orthodox Church which are really as necessary in learning somewhat of a nation whose history was often decided by petty theological differences or factional disputes between the clergy, as a knowledge of similar differences are in English Tudor or Stuart history. But there are others better qualified than I to specify them.

"In the field of fiction there is the ubiquitous Lew Wallace with 'The Prince of India,' but I cannot reckon it as palatable save on the famous hypothetical desert island. How the combination of the most thrilling figure of legend and the most dramatic event of a thousand years can be so completely squeezed dry of interest has to be read to be believed! Even the Henty-like 'Fall of Constantinople' of J. M. Neale, the hymnologist (in Everyman's), brims with vitality beside it. In French, the Librairie Paul Ollendorff published some years ago several very entertaining novels dealing with the period. I happen to have of these surviving Paul Adam's 'Basile et Sophia,' and 'Irène et les Eunuques,' and Jean Lombard's 'Byzance.' Lombard has written several others, and, I believe, though I would not be certain, that the lady who wrote as 'Jean Bartheroy' and who died last year, had one or two Byzantine novels to her credit, as well as an entertaining group on Grecian life of which I *am* certain.

"As for Voodoo, do you remember a novel by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield that appeared about 1900 called 'Latitude 19' or words to that effect? Its name is hazy, but the story is not, for it gives decidedly the best and most interesting account of Haiitian voodooism I have ever encountered. Beale Davis tried the same thing a year or two ago in his 'The Goat Without Horns,' but it is flat stuff—and did you notice the March *Harper's*? There is a touch of the African variety in 'Ulysse Caffre,' translated here as 'Ulysses and the Sorcerers.' I once treasured, years ago, a

(*Continued on next page*)

A vigorous novel of a new kind —a flash of lightning illuminating the church world, and hitting at "shoddyism" wherever it shows its head—a human story—strong and weak characters, well drawn—suspense, irony, tragedy, pity—such is

SHODDY
By DAN BRUMMITT

$2.00 AT BOOKSTORES

Willett, Clark & Colby — Publishers
440 South Dearborn Street Chicago

THE STUPID XIXTH CENTURY
BY LEON DAUDET
TRANSLATED BY LEWIS GALANTIERE
FRANCE'S WITTIEST EXILE VILIFIES THE LAST GENERATION
2.50
PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

We Publish and Market
BOOKS OF THE UNUSUAL KIND:
Those Having a Purpose
Estimates Furnished.
Catalogue Mailed on Request.
AVONDALE PRESS
1841 BROADYAY, New York City

17th Edition
A SON OF MOTHER INDIA ANSWERS
By Dhan Gopal Mukerji $1.50
E. P. Dutton & Co.

I would sell my soul for a thousand pounds!

"DONE!"
—a weird, unnatural voice whispered into Jane Dace's ear!

The mysterious murder case which developed from this uncanny incident completely baffled the master criminologists of Scotland Yard. Here it is—an entirely new type of detective story, full of suspense and excitement. It will puzzle and fascinate you to the very end. And over every page there broods the sinister shadow of the Powers of Darkness and Black Magic.

READ IT *BEFORE MIDNIGHT!*

The DARK GOD

BY JOHN CHANCELLOR

AT ALL BOOKSTORES, $2.00 THE CENTURY CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An unseen woman

—in a subway crush—put a key in Tom's hand—and whispered, *"Do not look 'round. I am in terrible danger. Tonight, at half-past six"*—It was the key to ROMANCE, to PERIL, to ADVENTURE, to DANGER, to the amazing MYSTERY of

TORTURE ISLAND

By I. R. G. Hart

If you insist that your mystery stories must give you super thrills and be well-written too try this one by the new master of excitement and suspense.

At all bookstores $2.00

Published, with the keenest relish, by SIMON & SCHUSTER, Inc., New York

DRAGONS AND DRAGON LORE by ERNEST INGERSOLL 3.50

with an introduction by Henry Fairfield Osborn

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

SHORN

***By* Robert Grant**

$2.00

An exceedingly entertaining book — light and humorous — on the order of P. G. Wodehouse.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

BLIGHT

BY ANN RICE

A POIGNANT NEW NOVEL • SWIFTLY TOLD. 2.50

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

"A great murder story—none greater."
—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

The Greene Murder Case

A Philo Vance Novel

by S. S. Van Dine

$2.00 Scribners

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Merrymount Press

EXHIBITIONS of printed books may or may not be important or interesting, but they are universally beloved of all conditions of men. Not always, however, are they of real value to workers in the same field, who usually have a rather clear idea of the capacity of the exhibitors, and scarcely need reminder. In the case of the work of the Merrymount Press, now on view at the Art Center, through the initiative of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the value of the exhibition is, I believe, greatest to the active worker in typography, because of the exceptionally successful way in which printers' problems have been met and solved by that Press.

Those who have followed Mr. Updike's career from the establishment of the Press as a composing room, in the purlieus of Beacon Hill, with the presswork done elsewhere, have not failed to recognize in its founder a singular capacity for selecting with judgment and taste the elements out of which his printed product was to come. Mr. Updike's knowledge of type was considerable from the start: but not unique. What did at once set off the work of the Merrymount Press from the work of others then working in the same field was an excellent and sophisticated taste in the type-faces employed, and the manner of using them.

For it is, after all, important to select only the very best of type-faces if one would do distinguished work. And an examination of these books (since Mr. Updike has never fallen into the pit of a specimen of types in use at the Merrymount Press!) shows with what rare skill the fonts in use have been selected from the welter of types available. English Caslon, Brimmer, Oxford, Scotch Roman of the best cut, Black Letter of authentic form, a delectable seventeenth century type—the types of his books are each and all admirable, and almost always quite the best there are. Where the one criticism unfavorable to Merrymount types can lodge is in the special fonts cut for the Press—the type of the Altar Book, and the Montallegro. Measured against such faces as the Centaur, Doves, or Ashendene types, they seem amateurish. But it is to be noted that they are seldom used, and the best work of the Press has been done with those "survivals" which Mr. Updike has written of so well in his book on type.

The types which Mr. Updike has used are, it scarcely need be pointed out to a printer, foundry type, necessitating hand composition. Now composition by hand is not, *per se*, better than composition by machine. Indeed much may be said for the superiority in general of machine composition. It has been said that the machine can do anything—except produce a work of art! But what the machine had not done in 1894—as Mr. Updike once pointed out to an inquirer—was to produce the handsome type-faces which were to be had of the type foundry (if one were persistent enough!). And, if I may venture a statement at odds with much expensive publicity, the type-faces available on the type-setting machines in 1928 are not, save in a few rare instances, equal in beauty of face or skill of punch-cutting and casting, to the fine fonts which display their charms in this exhibition.

Fine type is essential to fine printing, but not the only element. Besides the skill in selecting only good types, Mr. Updike has shown in the work of the past thirty-five years, a conception of the way to build a book which is uncommon. Take an instance with which I happen to be uncomfortably familiar—the college catalogue. The Merrymount Press issues of the catalogues for Brown University, Middlebury College, Trinity College are very fine examples indeed of how an intelligent mind, with adequate tools at hand, can make a comely book out of the most dispiriting of copy. Or, such a book as the Sulgrave Manor Record. I question seriously the economic justification for so much type-setting for so small an edition devoted to so worshipful an enterprise; but I doubt if the book could have been so completely done *in type* by anyone else. It is essentially a printed book.

A printed book has to have a title page, it has to be on paper, and it has to be bound. And on these three points something more may be said of Merrymount Press work. Frankly, books from this Press sometimes disappoint in the matter of title-pages. There is a lack of virility, of spontaneousness—a semblance of uncertainty and timidity which is later belied by the frank quality of the text pages. Title-pages and text pages are in accord, yes, but one wishes for a little more jubilation at the start! In the selection of paper for his work, Mr. Updike has been remarkably successful—and against odds which only those know who know the vast quantity of poor paper made, and the lack of papers of quality during so many years. The binding of the books from this Press has been exceptionally successful. So distinctly has Mr. Updike worked out his problem that a trained eye never fails to detect a Merrymount Press book on the shelf—picks it out by little tricks of material, dies and ornaments which taken together may suggest a certain lack of experimental variety, but which point to a conscious and successful effort to give style to the work of the Merrymount Press.

The exhibition will continue through April and May. R.

THE stock market being on a rampage, the book auctions reacted sympathetically, and on March 28 at the Anderson Galleries held a carnival. Handsome is as handsome does, "handsome" being the most the cataloguer had found to say for the library of the late Charles H. Senff, which came to the block that afternoon, with a run of Cruikshank illustrations as the main course. As Cruikshanks go, these were exceptional copies, many of them from the Bruton collection, with the usual assortment of original drawings and extra plates. The earliest item was the 1813 Meteor, with a few plates from the second volume added, which went to $675, and was followed by $500 for Mudford's "Campaign in the Netherlands," one of the Waterloo classics. Then came a very fine copy of the four volumes of the Humorist of 1819-1820 in four volumes, which went on up to $4,250. The cataloguer indulged in one of the ultra-modern refinements in describing this item: "A name of a former owner has been detected on two of the leaves . . . but aside from these the pages may well be termed matchless." It only remains another time to record the finger prints. After this, $350 for Pierce Egan's "Life in London" seems hardly worth noting, while Paris described by Carey was only valued at $240. Ireland's Napoleon, rebound and with plates split, reached $600, and the artist's own "Scraps and Sketches" $500. "Hogarth Moralized" went to $825, but this had one of Cruikshank's self-portraits sketched on the margin of an original drawing, and these are not as easy to find as they were once. *The Wits Magazine* of 1818, with one facsimile plate, rose to $2,600, which figures out at $65 apiece for the forty colored plates by Cruikshank and Rowlandson, neither of them at his best.

Mr. Senff's library appears to have been purchased in blocks, and was sold the same way. Sir Richard Burton had the ill luck to come before the excitement began, and his thirty-seven first editions, without the translations, dropped at $100. The set of Hardy, thirty-nine volumes, including the first "Desperate Remedies," but not "The Dynasts," and all rebound, reached $1,175. Charles Lever's twenty-four volumes went for $230, and eight Smollett Firsts for $525, and sixty-five Trollopes for $510. The revised printer's copy for the second edition of Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," which is of more literary than historical consequence, sold for $2,500, and will, it is much to be hoped, now or later find its way to join the rest of the Irving material which is accumulating at the Yale library.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

copy of the then only edition of Jezebel Pettyfer, but it vanished, as all such delights are fond of doing. May I thank you very much for the information about its reappearance from Knopf?"

To these welcome additions I can bring one more Voodoo title: in Paul Green's recent volume of plays, "In the Valley" (French) is a one-act called "Supper for the Dead" in which the wandering spirit of a murdered girl is laid at rest and her killer brought to justice. A better example of grotesque horror than the aged twins who carry out this spell, it would be hard to find. It is magic of a type near enough to that under discussion to make it suitable for this list.

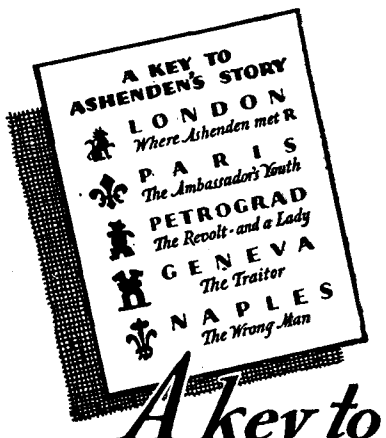
I AM quite chagrined at the slight interest taken in the literature of profanity by this little group of serious readers. But one response has come to the cry of *W. K., Yoe, Pa.*, for books about swearing: this is from the librarian of the University of Nebraska, who says that in the Winter issue of the *Prairie Schooner*, published at that University, there is a charming essay on this subject. And to divert the discussion of how to pronounce the title of Disraeli, which has been trickling through this column for some weeks past, *M. R F., Washington, D. C.*, says that Andrew D. White says in his "Autobiography" that at a ceremonial dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London, the toastmaster pronounced it as "Urrl Beckinsfield."

D. N., New York, asks what Ethelreda Lewis has written besides her part of "Trader Horn." "I was almost regretful," she writes, "when she left off and the Trader began."

IT shows how easily we pass on things we don't know, that people say glibly "Mrs. Etheldreda Lewis, the well-known novelist" and I'll bet a cooky not one in ten could tell you that her novels are "The Harp" and "Mantis" and that they are published in England by Hodder & Stoughton. I know, not because I'm a better man than you are, Gunga Din, but because this question caught me in the conscience and I promptly wrote to Simon & Schuster for information.

M. C. A., Hornell, N. Y., asks what is the Golden Hind Series.

"THE Golden Hind" is a series of biographical and historical studies of great explorers, adventurers, colonizers, and wanderers out of England over the globe, under the general editorship of Milton Waldman, published in this country by Harper. "John Smith," by E. Keble Chatterton, will open more than one eye to adventures more thrilling than the Pocahontas episode, and bring the modern reader as near to actual contact with the Captain's own writings as he is likely to come. Llewelyn Powy's "Henry Hudson" is a surprising recreation of a time and a personality. E. F. Benson writes of "Sir Francis Drake," and the others later to be presented are Raleigh, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Grenville.



A key to

ASHENDEN'S STORY

—what the German Secret Service would have paid for it!—a story where every word is the key to a secret—where a game of bridge may mean a firing squad at sunrise—where death lurks in evening clothes behind the battle front . . .

ASHENDEN

or The British Agent

by

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Doubleday Doran • $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hardy Memorial

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, has written the following appeal to American book lovers to support the campaign now being conducted in America by Harper & Brothers and the Saturday Review for a memorial to Thomas Hardy. The memorial is to consist of (1) the preservation of Hardy's birthplace at Bockhampton; (2) an obelisk to be erected on a suitable site in the neighborhood; (3) the founding in Dorchester of a Hardy Memorial, housing a collection of his works and relics. All contributions should be sent to the Hardy Memorial Fund, c/o Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE news that a committee with Sir James Barrie at its head is to collect a fund for a memorial to Thomas Hardy is as welcome to Americans as to the British. There are what might be called all-English and all-American writers among the moderns for whom it would be an impertinence to ask international recognition, but Hardy quite transcends nationalism—at least American or British nationalism and this, paradoxically, in spite of the fact that his novels and his poetry, too, rise from such a depth of Wessex soil as to make him the authentic voice of primitive English character. Of course he is much more than this. He spoke first for the soberer view of man's place in the universe which, with tender souls as well as with "hard boiled" individuals, has taken the place of Browning's hearty optimism, where all was right with the world if you were only young and healthy; and yet his popularity in America, which was early and wide, seems to have been based upon his characters rather than his philosophies. For years his novels have been read in American universities, indeed they were the first modern novels to become "classics" in the University sense, and the reason, I firmly believe, is that quite unconsciously we Americans realized that with Hardy as with Shakespeare we were encountering memorials of the very foundations of American life. For the English ideas and ideals that came over with the first colonists—simple people most of them, like Tess of the D'Urbervilles or Jude the Obscure—penetrated and colored all our American civilization, which, though drawn from so many races, nevertheless has crystallized about an English core.

Indeed, the literary work of Thomas Hardy is closer to New England of the last century or the rural West of today than to modern London or Manchester or Dublin or Edinburgh. The farm novel of the Middle West, which is one of our most original literary contributions, goes directly back to him for influence, as to a man who might have written more adequately and wisely of the great corn fields, the plains, or the forests than native Americans. Indeed Hardy cannot be fitly honored except by the English-speaking world, for his Wessex is a spiritual kingdom in which we all can move with understanding and leave with a better knowledge of ourselves.

As one American, a reader, a critic, a teacher, and an admirer of Hardy, I hope that Americans will acknowledge their debt and express their justifiable pride in a great writer who has made English eloquent for them as well as for his countrymen, by contributing liberally to this memorial from the English speaking world, which will rise appropriately, not in London but in Wessex, upon earth from which so much that is good American has sprung.

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
Rare Books :: First Editions
Autographs
CATALOGUES ISSUED
14 West 40th Street, New York

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & COINS :: LITERARY SERVICE

AMERICANA

AMERICAN HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, Travel; local history and genealogy. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

AMERICANA, FIRST EDITIONS, AND miscellaneous books. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscript and documents of world-famous authors, generals, statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. Send for our priced Catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. Correspondence from owners solicited. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City, Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, INTERESTing representation of T. E. Lawrence, Joyce, Norman Douglas, Beerbohm, Stephens, Yeats, Shaw. Rare Books and Fine Presses. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter St., San Francisco.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS — MAGAZINES, Prompt Service. Prices Reasonable. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th Street, at Fourth Avenue.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATIONS, illustrated, complete: Decameron; Heptameron; Droll Stories; Masuccio; Rabelais; ($3.50 value) $1.75 each. Three Women of Annam, $1.65; Satyricon; Golden Asse; $1.25 each; Madame Bovary; Love Crime; Love Episode; Bohemians of Latin Quarter; ($3.00 edition) $1.45 each. Primer of Modern Art, $4.60; Sexual Question, $2.15; Sexual Life of Our Time, $6.80. Renaissance Book Co., 131 W. 23rd St., New York.

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS:—GEORGE Moore's Daphnis and Chloe (Together with Peronnik the Fool), Carra Edition, $3.00; Pierre Louys' Aphrodite, unexpurgated English translation, $5.00; Mark Twain's "1601," unexpurgated, privately printed edition, $2.50. Schulte's Bookstore (New York's Largest Second-Hand Bookstore), 80 Fourth Avenue.

BARGAIN OFFERS

GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS "RED Wise," by E. Powys Mather, $12; Kuprin's "Yama," $8; "Daphnis and Chloe," John Austen, illustrations, $12; Huysmans' "Against the Grain," limited edition, $5.75. Write for free list of book bargains. Gordon Cooke, 3201 Glynn Court, Detroit.

MESSAGES AND PAPERS of Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Albert Shaw. Two volumes, 1250 pages, with index (boxed), $3.00 postpaid. Congressional Bookshop, Washington.

ARROWSMITH, Sinclair Lewis, Limited Edition, autographed ($15.00), $6.50. Songs of Sappho, Limited Edition ($20), $10.50. Goethe by Brandes, 2 vol. ($10.00), $5.50. Manhattan Book Shop, 1204 Lexington Avenue, New York.

GOETHE'S FAUST, ILLUSTRATED, autographed by Harry Clarke ($15.00) $10.50; Casanova's Memoirs, two volumes, $10.00; Bekker's Life of Beethoven, $2.75. Bargain catalogue ready. Parnassus Bookshop, 10 Bible House, New York City.

SULAMITH, BY ALEXANDRE Kuprin. Romance of Antiquity, limited editions, with eight full-page colored illustrations, boxed, $10.00. Nicholas I. Brown, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ALL NEW BOOKS SUPPLIED. *Libraries and single volumes purchased.* Furman, 363 West 51st Street, New York.

BOOKBINDING

BOOK BINDERS TO BOOK LOVERS. Magazines bound. Books restored and rebound. Have you a pet book you would like nicely bound. Eastman Bindery, 156 Chambers St., New York.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

OUT-OF-PRINT, RARE BOOKS wanted by dealers and collectors are likely to be discovered and may be purchased from the thousands of Saturday Review readers by advertising in Counter Attractions. Rates on application. 25 West 45th St., N. Y.

WANTED: BOOK by Darien A. Straw, published 1892 by Altert, Scott & Co., Chicago. Notify Mrs. William Trotter, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

CLUBS

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED? "Contacts," literary correspondence club, connects you with versatile, unconventional minds. Books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership fee $2.00 year. Particulars fre. Write: Contacts, Box 263-S, Manorville, Pa.

FIRST EDITIONS

"LATTERDAY PAMPHLETS," A NEW thing in publishing:—Literary works of less than ten thousand words; poems, essays, etc., printed in distinctive pamphlets which sell at an average of 35c the copy. Among the contributors to Spring Series 1928: William Murrell, Peggy Bacon, Francis Faragoh, John Appleby, Herbert J. Seligman, and others. Write for list of this series. Latterday, 20 Minetta Court, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 E. 49th Street, New York.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will send on request catalogues of modern first editions and private press books and is always willing to search for special items.

THE ENEMY NO. 2, Wyndham Lewis. Other interesting items of contemporary writers. Shop leaflet upon request. Country Book Shop, Greenwich, Conn.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF The Autograph Agency in the Autographs column on this page.

FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

HARRIS TWEED. VERY HIGH CLASS hand-woven material, and Aristocrat of Tweed for golf and outdoor wear, direct from makers. Suit-lengths by mail. Samples free on stating shades desired. Newall, 441 Stornoway, Scotland.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. expert service. Open evenings.

WHO'S WHO IN OCCULTISM, NEW Thought, Psychism, and Spiritualism, $5.00. Occult Press, Box 43-R, Jamaica, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

THE ROBERT CORTEZ HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. "Needless to say," comments THE SATURDAY REVIEW, "we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Altogether individual instruction given by corespondence. Address: *Englewood Cliffs*, New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly, $1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

FREE TO WRITERS. The Plotweaver, a monthly magazine. Contains valuable and interesting information to writers of magazine and photoplay stories. Subscription, $2.50 per annum. Free sample copy. *The Plotweaver*, Drawer WS, Hollywood, California.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction—short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPTS TO US. We will market them if anyone can. If we cannot, will give reasons and suggestions. Literary Adviser, P. O. Box 177, Williamsburg, Virginia.

LITERARY SERVICES

EDITORIAL SERVICE FOR non-fiction writers. Non-fiction revised, typed, edited, criticised, marketed. Reasonable rates. Consolidated Press Service, 872 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY typewritten. Fifty cents thousand words. National Typing Service, Box 255, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARINE BOOKS

SHIP MODEL BUILDING—Slave Ships—Whale Ships—Voyages. Fully illustrated circulars of all our publications free. Marine Research Society, Dept S., Salem, Massachusetts.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously invited, and afternoon visitors always welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS PROMPTLY supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Caledonia 0047.

RARE BOOKS

BOOK-LOVERS GO TO THE DAUBER and Pine Bookshops first for scarce First Editions, and books on Art, Architecture, books from private presses, Americana, Foreign Books, General Literature, and in general for Old and Unusual volumes difficult to come by. Catalogues issued often and sent free. Prices always reasonable. A visit to our shop is a treat for the bibliophile, for his searches are usually rewarded. Thousands of books on all subjects always in stock. Libraries of any size purchased or catalogued. Dauber and Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A national institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints, and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 168: Rare Americana (309 pp., illustrated, price 50c.). No. 169: Autographs—free. Nos. 170 and 173: First Editions and Other Rare Books—free. No. 171: Genealogy—price 10c. No. 172: General Americana—free. Print Catalogue, No. 5, Napoleonic—free. When in Boston, browse in Goodspeed's, Nos. 7 and 9A Ashburton Place. Branch Shops at No. 5A Park St., No. 2 Milk St.

ODD, CURIOUS, UNUSUAL AND extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

SPECIALIST

SCIENTIFIC HOROSCOPES written. Business, Personal, Health problems solved. Dr. Smallwood, Pepperell, Mass.

STORIES WANTED

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development and submission to markets. Establishment 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIKING BOOKS

By CLAUDE DEBUSSY

MONSIEUR CROCHE

The Dilettante-Hater

Few people know that Debussy the composer, graceful exponent of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, was also Debussy the critic, a man with very provocative views on music and musicians. Monsieur Croche, the dilettante-hater, is an imaginary character, through whose mouth Debussy expressed his jovial wisdom on every subject from Beethoven to barrel-organs. All music-lovers and dilettante-haters will find his acquaintance worth making. *With a foreword by* LAWRENCE GILMAN. $2.00

MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE

By T. F. POWYS

Mr. Weston peddled two vintages—the sparkling red wine of every man's desires, and the dark heady draught reserved for a deeper thirst. *Mr Weston's Good Wine* is rich with the flavor of a mature art. Those who drink of it will drink deeply and well, for there is intoxication in it. Recommended by James Branch Cabell, David Garnett, Carl Van Doren, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Henry Seidel Canby, and all connoisseurs of rare vintages. *Illustrated.* $3.50

VOLPONE

STEFAN ZWEIG'S brilliant modern version of Ben Jonson's comedy, produced by the Theatre Guild, is now published with decorations by Aubrey Beardsley. $2.00

"Inimitable and Superb!"

—SATURDAY REVIEW

A. A. Milne and the other wits of England have rediscovered a fellow-wit whose matchless short stories are the delight of a growing number of readers. He is H. H. Munro, better known as ***SAKI*** and the stories are collected in three choice little volumes: *The Toys of Peace, Beasts and Super-Beasts*, and *The Chronicles of Clovis*. His novel, *The Unbearable Bassington*, is now available also. Each, $1.75

THE VIKING PRESS

30 Irving Place New York

THE PHOENIX NEST

WE hear that this may be the last year of the existence of the committee which awards the Prix Goncourt, the most coveted of French literary prizes. The latest winner of the prize is *Maurice Bedel*, and the translated title of his book is "Jerome at the Sixtieth Degree of North Latitude." The story concerns a lively French dramatist and his experiences among the chilly beauties of Scandinavia. The Viking Press will bring out the book in this country in June, translated by *Lawrence S. Morris*. . . .

The Periodical, published by the Oxford University Press, discusses in its April issue the completion of the Oxford English Dictionary. It was finished on April 19th. At the end of this anecdotal discussion it refers to how *Professor Skeat's* pretty gift for light verse was more than once displayed in connection with the Dictionary. Twenty years ago *Notes and Queries* published the following:

TO DR. MURRAY ON COMPLETING THE LETTER C

Wherever the English speech is spread
And the Union Jack flies free,
The news will be gratefully, proudly read
That you've conquered your A, B, C.
But I fear it will come
As a shock to some
That the sad result will be
That you're taking to dabble and dawdle and doze,
To dolour and dumps, and—worse than those—
To danger and drink,
And—shocking to think—
To words that begin with d—.

We wish to thank *Mrs. John Kennedy* for sending us an old copy of that now defunct but once most pleasing periodical published at New Orleans, *The Double Dealer*,—we had mentioned it lately with reference to some of *Thornton Wilder's* earlier work appearing in it. . . .

You may recall *Abel Chevalley's* article on *Julien Green* in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for February 4th. If you do, you will also remember that therein he incidentally reviewed *The Closed Garden*, which is Green's latest novel, published in France as *Adrienne Mesurat*. Well, by whichever name you choose to call it, this novel has been awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize. The Book-of-the-Month Club over here has chosen it as their May book. A first printing by Harper & Brothers has gone to 90,000. The American edition bears a preface by *André Maurois*, an excellent study of Green. We have also noted an essay on Green by *Edmond Jaloux* in the March *Bookman*. . . .

To the author of the best book of fiction for girls, as determined by the judges, *Kathleen Norris, Claude G. Leland* (Superintendent of libraries) and *Bertha E. Mahony*, (Director of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston), Harper and Brothers at 49 East 33rd Street, will pay the outright sum of $2,000, in addition to the ordinary terms of royalty, which will be arranged with the author. The book will be serialized by *The American Girl*, and the prize will cover the serialization rights. Any author is eligible for the prize and only original manuscripts of unpublished works should be sent in. They should be submitted before December 1st, 1928. . . .

The Scholartis Press of 30 Museum Street, London, W. C. I, announces "The Man of Feeling" by *Henry Mackenzie*, edited by *Hamish Miles*. This book is one of the most interesting in that great period of the novel, 1741-1771, and is the first of a series of eighteenth century novels that The Scholartis Press intends to issue. . . .

Asa Don Dickinson, Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, has compiled a volume for Doubleday, Doran entitled "The Best Books of Our Time." The lists of books consulted for his compilation are such as the Book Review Digest, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 13th Edition, Manly and Rickert, the New International, and so on. The number of endorsements given by each of the authorities is quoted. Mr. Dickinson himself ventures occasionally to indorse a favorite title which otherwise would be excluded for want of a full quartette of sponsors. In the back of the book, the Authors, Arranged according to Number of Endorsements by the chosen authorities shows a somewhat strange order. *Galsworthy* is first, *Wells* second, *Arnold Bennett*, and *G. Bernard Shaw* fourth. Then come, in turn, *Edith Wharton, Joseph Conrad, Booth Tarkington, Rudyard Kipling, W. H. Hudson*, and *Joseph Hergesheimer*. *John Masefield* is quite a bit below *Winston Churchill*. *Percy MacKaye* is way ahead of *James Stephens*. *Marcel Proust* is only seven times endorsed. *Emily Dickinson, Dmitri Merejkowski, Ezra Pound* and *Havelock Ellis* only get four votes, and come at the end of the list with such others as *James Oliver Curwood, Henry Ford, Peter B. Kyne*, and *George Barr McCutcheon*. In spite of all that sort of thing the compilation contains, necessarily, many important titles. If Mr. Dickinson had only dropped the indorsement business, which is all right as a rough guide to mere popularity, but is *reductio ad absurdam* when applied to the relative actual values of the books concerned, and had reselected and rearranged from his statistical findings, the book would be much better as a book of reference. But he has accepted yardsticks of very doubtful value, and confusion in the average reader's mind is likely to result from the application of negligible standards.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, no less, has written a foreword to a book of poems, "Outcrop" by *Abbie Huston Evans*. This is country poetry and excellent of its kind. Miss Millay has said a wise thing of it when she remarks,

> More than once, in reading them, (the poems) you will find yourself stock-still before some object with which you have rubbed elbows all your life, but which you have never truly seen until that moment.

Well,—See you next week!

THE PHOENICIAN.

"I remember that Mr. Maynard's poem 'Exile' gave me a crinkle when I first saw it in the *London Mercury*."—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

EXILE

By THEODORE MAYNARD

$2.00

"A masculine reading of life set out in ringing verses."
—*Padraic Colum*

"A notable poet. I recognize the intensity vibrating through delicacy of expression. Deserves a large audience."
—*William Rose Benét*

"Not a poem of them all that is not distinguished. All kinds of feeling—all so fresh and true."
—*Van Wyck Brooks*

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, TORONTO

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers : 37 West 57th Street : *New York*

ETHELREDA LEWIS
(Her flash of intuition spanned the globe)

It seems to HEYWOOD BROUN that *Trader Horn* "sounds so much better in the blurbs than in the reading. . . . Certainly a very considerable proportion of its success belongs to the firm of SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

"No book has been more expertly handled. I cannot see it as anything but a fair to middling book, but even a crusty person like myself was moved to expect a masterpiece after reading the advertisements."

This confession explains a mystery that has long been perplexing *The Inner Sanctum*. For some time dark rumors have been afloat about a strange individual who has been stealthily advancing upon unprotected newspapers and magazines and surreptitiously reading our advertisements . . . *Ah, so Heywood Broun is the man!*

The velvety impeachment of *Trader Horn* and the laurel wreath upon our advertisements are not entirely convincing. The blurbs and the ballyhoo have all been devised here in *The Inner Sanctum*, but they spring right from the book itself: it is simply a case of selection of glamorous headlines, and of arresting layouts that feature the wind-swept face of TRADER HORN himself. The best advertisements for the book were written by ZAMBESI JACK and ETHELREDA LEWIS.

Consider this, from page 3 —in the introduction by ETHELREDA LEWIS:

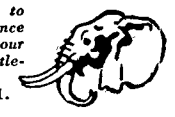
That mild voice, rising, as I now know, from a past as infinitely full of repose, of restlessness, of action, of hidden hoards, spectres of bones and wreckage—from the past as the sea itself; as full, if so I may put it, of the quality of timelessness, that quality which keeps every roamer, from Ulysses to Columbus, and from Columbus *to — to* Aloysius Horn, *awash between year and year as if the shores of time were forever theirs. Cradled like gulls, safe on the fiercest sea.*

Or these quotations from the TRADER'S own recital:

"Nature's a great big unknown God we've got to make terms with without the humiliation of prayer. This constant nudging of the Almighty is a mistake."
—From Page 151

A gorilla'll visit five colonies in rotation to avoid interbreeding. A regular scientist.
—From Page 298.

Aye, 'tis easy enough to catch an elephant once you've made up your mind to be no gentleman about it.
—From Page 121.



We leave it to readers of *The Inner Sanctum* to judge whether such writing hasn't been more alluring than our own announcements, even when orchestrated on themes from the book itself:

I am going to buy Trader Horn *today! I shall sail beyond the sun. . . Wildest Africa will be my home, swift rivers my daily course, ivory, apes and peacocks my stock in trade, and cannibals my blood brothers. . . . Romance will run amuck.*

Now, puissant advertising and seductive illustrations might conceivably sell the first few editions—say ten or fifteen thousand copies, perhaps even thirty or forty thousand—by dangling before the customers the possibility of wonders unspeakable, but to sell 168,000 copies, *the book itself must deliver.* You can't top the best-seller list month after month on promises.

It is one of the private, unprovable hunches of *The Inner Sanctum* that the first page of a book helps in large measure to shape its destiny.

The first page of the initial *Cross Word Puzzle Book* was positively hypnotic in its black and white pattern; the first page of *Fraulein Else* was irresistibly redolent of Vienna; the first page of *The Story of Philosophy* we have almost committed to memory, so gloriously does it articulate the June-like lure of the unknowable; the first page of *Trader Horn* ensnared even HEYWOOD BROUN.

—ESSANESS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED